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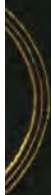
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ALLADS



RN



To  
The Rev. Dr. Taylor  
And the response of  
The Cantor  
May 10 1877



2/3 for the night

## ENGLISH BORDER BALLADS.



# ENGLISH BORDER BALLADS.

BY  
PETER BURN,  
BRAMPTON, CARLISLE.

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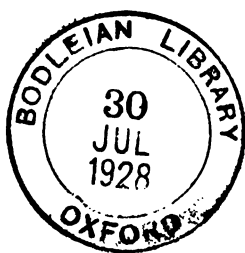
SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

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When a land rejects her legends—  
Sees but falsehoods in the past ;  
And its people view their sires  
In the light of fools or liars,  
'Tis a sign of its decline,  
And its splendours cannot last !—  
R. GLOVER.

CARLISLE: G. & T. COWARD.  
LONDON: BEMROSE & SONS.  
MDCCCLXXVII.





## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

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AN eminent statesman is reported to have said :  
“Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws.” We echo the wish, for the ambition is a noble one.

The human heart is a musical instrument, and like an Æolian lyre, waits the magic touch ; and happy is that man who can stir and thrill its harmonic chords ! Sweet is the influence of song ! it awakens pleasant memories, and speaks to us of those who were, but are not.

The Ballads of a country win us into a sympathetic relationship with bygone times, and the spirits of the dead,—the heart of to-day beating in harmony with that of a ruder age.

Two of the ballads—“The White Ladye” and “Master William”—appeared in the second edition of the *Songs and Ballads of Cumberland and the Lake Country*, edited by Sidney Gilpin.

The writer would here remark, that it was owing to encouragement given him by the Editor of that work, which induced him to attempt ballad-writing—that gentleman having spoken favourably of a poem which had appeared in a former volume, beginning with the words:—

Lord Howard sat in his castle home,  
And wearily long sat he ;  
The dusk had come to his dingy room,  
And shadows fell drearily.

He publishes his Book in the hope that his labours in a new field may afford some pleasure to his readers, and confirm the favour already bestowed.

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#### NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

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THE kind reception given to the Author's first edition of his Ballads, encourages him to issue a second edition, to which are added a few new ones, which he trusts will augment the interest of the work.

BRAMPTON, *May*, 1877.

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## “THE WHITE LADYE.”

[Tradition reports that a young woman of uncommon personal beauty was seduced by the last Lord Dacre of Naworth, and after having borne him a son and, as she anticipated, an heir to his large possessions, too late discovered the cruel imposition. Driven to despair, the young creature threw herself into the brook which washes the base of the rock on which the Castle is built. Her body was discovered next morning, by the Lord of Naworth, whilst introducing to the notice of his bride the beauties of her new home. Their only son survived his father but three years, being killed by a fall from his rocking horse, in his boyhood; and in him ended the male line of the Lords Dacre of the north. The spot where the Lady threw herself into the brook is still considered by the peasantry as haunted ground; and not a few speak of “The White Ladye,” who is said to traverse the lonely hollow.]



HE water it sings merrilie  
Alang the castle dean;  
The water it rins merrilie,  
The grassy banks a-tween:

An' merrilie the birdie sings,  
A-top o' the greenwood tree ;  
An' there's a heart that has a part  
In the sweet harmonie.

O Helen was a fair lassie—  
A lassie fair was she ;  
There wasna seen a sweeter flower  
In a' the north countrie.

O Helen was a blithe lassie—  
A lassie blithe was she ;  
There wasna heard a blither bird  
In a' the north countrie.

Her heame was where the breckans grow,—  
Where breckans grow and ling ;  
For playmates, she had bird an' bee,  
In Summer days an' Spring :

For playmates, she had bird an' bee,  
In Summer days an' Spring ;  
But when the year grew cold an' drear,  
She was a dowie thing.

Ance on a weary wintry hour,  
A sprightlie youth won by ;  
Helen leuks up, wi' joy an' hope,—  
We needna wonder why.

Helen she lo'ed the faire stranger,  
An' she was lo'ed by him ;  
She dreadeth no the blast nor snow,  
Days are na now sae grim.

Love aye can mak a pleasant day !  
An' sae whene'er he won,  
He ever yet his faire love met,  
Sweet smiling as the sun.

The youth he is o' noble birth,  
The laird o' Nawarde he :  
The winsome carle has won the girl,  
An' life gangs pleasantlie.

The winter days are a' gaen by ;  
The sky is cloudless now ;  
Dacre has taen his darling's han',  
An' breath'd the lover's vow.

. . . . .

The water it sings merrilie,  
Alang the castle dean ;  
The water it rins merrilie,  
The grassy banks a-tween ;



An' merrilie the birdie sings,  
A-top o' the greenwood tree,  
But ane is there that canna share  
In the sweet harmonie.

There hasna gaen a year, a year,  
A year but barely ane,  
Syne Helen sang the whole day lang ;  
Now loud is her refrain :—

"O wae is me ! O wae is me !  
I'm miserable alway,  
My lover he is fause to me,  
His coldness will me slay."

Then up an' spak the laird Dacre :—  
"What are the words I hear ?  
I loe but ane, 'tis faire Helen,—  
My love has nought to fear."

O answer'd then the faire Helen :—  
"Gif ye are true to me,  
How cam' there a strange ladye's fan,  
Upon the blooming lea ?"

O answer'd then the faire Helen :—  
"Gif ye are true to me,  
How cam' there feet marks even four,  
A-stead o' even twee?"

+

He canna meet his faire ane's face,  
 But answer giveth he :—  
 "An' gif I lee, holy Marye,  
 Nea mair my helper be."

The heart o' the sweet young lassie  
 Will not be comforted ;  
 Her cheeks are grown lily-white,  
 A-stead o' rosy red.

She droopeth as the lily flower,  
 That lacks the gentle rain ;  
 An' in the hearing o' her love,  
 She maketh woefu' maen :—

"O wae is me ! O wae is me !  
 My love has fausely sworn ;  
 He bringeth shame upon my name,  
 An' the bairn yet unborn !"

"Now greet na sae, now greet na sae !"  
 Laird Dacre then spak he,  
 "The heart that's fill'd wi' jealousy,  
 Maks hawf its misery !"

"Listen ye to me, Laird Dacre !  
 Gif gentleman be ye,  
 Ye'll mak me now ye're lawfu' wife,  
 Ere I a mother be."

"O bide ye yet my sweet lassie,  
A month or maybe twee!"

"O now I ken, I am undune,  
That day I'll niver see!"

"There's blossom on the tree, lassie,  
There's better days for ye!"  
"Worms consume the scented bloom,  
An' hidden grief kills me."

"Yon magpie seeks anither love,  
An' lassie sae mun ye!"  
"That ane magpie that wingeth by  
Bodes sorrow unto me."

. . . . .

The water it sings merrilie  
Alang the castle dean,  
The water it rins merrilie,  
The grassy banks a-tween

An' merrilie the birdie sings,  
A-top o' the greenwood tree;  
But there is ane, that heareth naen  
O' the sweet harmonie.

There hes-na gaen a month, a month,  
A month but barely ane,  
Syne Dacre vow'd to fair Helen,  
An' now a wife he's taen.

He's taen to wife a rich ladye,  
An' ane o' noble birth ;  
An' left to sorrow a' alane,  
This flower o' the north :—

An' left to sorrow a' alane,  
This flower sae faire an' frail ;  
But he shall leive thi' day to grieve,  
His crueltie bewail.

The sun shines braw on Nawarde wa',  
The banner towers heigh !  
This day Laird Dacre bringeth heame  
His noble faire Ladye.

An' there is great festivity,  
In Nawarde ha' thi' night,  
An' Dacre drinks the honey cuppe,  
Drinketh to his delight.

“Drink ye, drink ye, Laird Dacre,  
An' drink to thy delight,  
The hour mixes thee a cuppe,  
That hes the serpent-bite !

"The hour mixes thee a cuppe,  
An' thou mun drink't thysel ;—  
That cuppe will tak thee life to suppe,  
An' may be drunk i' hell !"

The Summer Sun is smiling on  
The waking north countrie :  
Dacre has taen his wife, an' gaen  
To hail the baronie.

She looket east to Gilles-land,  
An' westward to the sea ;  
An' she has seen St. Mary's Vale,  
An' the grey priory.

An' she has gaen the paths aroun',  
An' she has gaen the wood,  
An' she has gaen the wood-brig owre,  
That spans the siller flood :—

An' she has looket up the beck,  
An' she has looket down ;  
What is it gars the ladye scream ?  
What is it gars her swoon ?

What is it gars the young bridegroom  
Start backward wi' a fright ?  
O they hae seen a faire ladye,  
Clad a' i' lily-white.

The sweet thing donn'd i' lily-white,  
 I' lily-white yestreen ;  
 I' lily-white she sleepeth now,  
 Wi'in the castle dean.

Faire Helen donn'd i' lily-white,  
 An' sat till eventide ;  
 She sat an' waited lang an' leate,  
 For ane to claim his bride.

Her mother coaxed her lang an' sair ;  
 Her words were a' in vain ;  
 A killing smart was in her heart,  
 A fire was in her brain.

Yestreen she left her mother's roof,  
 Adorn'd as a bride ;  
 That mother fan' her only bairn  
 Deide, by the water side.

Sae sweetly i' the morning sun  
 The bonnie creature lies !  
 It seems to ane that death had taen  
 Her young life by surprise.

. . . . .

The water it sings merrilie  
    Along the castle dean ;  
The water it rins merrilie,  
    The grassy banks atween :

An' merrilie the birdie sings  
    A-top o' the greenwood tree ;  
But there are three lack sympathy  
    Wi' the sweet harmonie.

Ane is the mother o' the deide,—  
    She kneeleth by her side ;  
The other it is Laird Dacre,  
    The third it is his bride.

O lang an' lane that mother sits,  
    Beside that water side ;  
An' lang an' lane she maks a maen,  
    To Dacre an' his bride :—

"O wae is me ! O wae is me !  
    My bonnie flower is deide—  
My bonnie bairn—my darling bairn,  
    The winner o' my breade.

"O cursèd be the cruel han',  
    That wrought this hour to me !  
May evils grim aye follow him,  
    Until the day he dee !

"The spirit o' my ain darling  
Shall haunt him night an' day !  
Promised in life to be his wife,  
In death she'll no tak nay.

"The spirit o' my ain darling  
Shall haunt him day an' night !  
She fell asleep i' the clear deep,  
An' she shall walk i' white."

The bride, she casts a wistfu' glance  
On ane that's by her side ;  
She seems to guess his wickedness,  
The thing he canna hide.

Deide lieth the sweet young lassie,  
Beside the singing flood ;  
The bride an' bridegroom pass her by,  
When starts a stream o' blood.

"See now, see now, my bonnie pair !"  
The weeping mother cries,  
"My bairn speaks, her blood it reeks,  
An' rises to the skies !"



The water it sings merrilie  
  Along the castle dean ;  
The water it rins merrilie,  
  The grassy banks a-tween :

An' merrilie the birdie sings,  
  A-top o' the greenwood tree ;  
An' there is ane that lends a strain  
  To the sweet harmonie.

In summer days, an' winter days,  
  In autumn days, an' spring,  
When fairies meet wi' nimble feet,  
  To rin the mystic ring :

Fleeing that gay companie,  
  Wi' saintly face an' wae,  
A-wandering, an' sorrowing,  
  Is seen the White Ladye !

## MASTER WILLIAM.

[The Salkeldes or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into the possession of the Howards in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw called Jock Grahme of the Pear-tree, upon Mr. Salkelde, sheriff of Cumberland. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock o' the Pear-tree came riding past the gate of Corby castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will ye ride?" The boy willingly consenting, Grahme took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and never would part with him till he had his brother safe from the gallows.—*Nicolson and Burn's Westmorland and Cumberland.*]

"O whae will hae a sweet apple,  
An apple rosy fair?"

"O me!" says Master William,  
The Salkelde's youthful heir.

"O whae will hae a pony ride,—  
A pony that can run?"

"O me!" says Master William,  
The Salkelde's only son.

The apple sweet an' rosy rede,  
Is claspt within his han';  
An' Jock he taks him on his horse,  
An' rides him owre the lan'.

He rides him owre the border lan',  
To Scotland he is gaen ;  
In Corby ha', when shadows fa',  
There's ane 'ill mak a maen.

In Corby ha', when shadows fa',  
There's ane 'ill mak a maen ;—  
That ane 'ill miss her bairn's kiss,  
Her Willie cometh naen.

Jock Grahme is to the Pear-tree come,  
An' O but he brags loud :—  
“ My wark to-day 'ill bring me pay,  
An' weel may mak me proud ! ”

“ What hasta dune ? ” says Jock Grahme's wife,  
“ That gies thy tongue sec glee ?  
I's sair mistaen, if this strange wean  
Brings nit a wark to me. ”

“ Hoot ! hoot, auld wife ! this bonnie bairn  
A lucky ane will be ;  
He's mair to me than a' the gowd  
In wealthy christendie. ”

Frae east to west, frae north to south,  
Laird Salkelde sends his men :—  
“ Gae spier for my son William,  
Gae owre moor an' fen ;—

“Gae owre moor, gae owre fen,  
 Gae scour the wide countrie,  
 Baith gowd an’ lan’ shall wait the man  
 That brings him heame to me.”

They gae ilk day a weary way,  
 Across the wide countrie,  
 An’ heameward turn, an’ sairly mourn—  
 “Nae Willie do we see!”

Ilk day they turn, an’ sairly mourn—  
 “Nae Willie do we see!”  
 An’ O! their words they cut like swords  
 The parents’ hearts a-twee.

Now word is brought to Corby’s laird :—  
 “Your bonnie son Willie  
 Gaes rambling owre Scottish knowes  
 Wi’ Jock o’ the Pear-tree!”

“That border thief has stowen my bairn,  
 An ill death he shall dee!  
 But gowd an’ lan’ shall wait the man  
 That brings him heame to me.”

Says ane : “Remember, bauld Buccleugh  
 Hes men as gude as we ;  
 An’ gin we trespass on his lan’,  
 Sair bloodshed there will be,

“Kilmont Willie, Jock o’ the Side,  
An’ Jock o’ the Pear-tree,  
Are daring men, ye winna fin’  
Their like in christendie.

“These followers o’ the bauld Buccleugh  
Are men o’ muckle might;  
An’ little gude ‘ill won to us,  
To meet them in a fight.”

A message comes to Laird Salkelde,  
Frae Jock o’ the Pear-tree :—  
“My brither is as dear to me,  
As thy son is to thee :

“An’ niver mair i’ Corby ha’  
Shall thou thy bairn see,  
Till thou hast gien my billie dear  
His lawfu’ libertie.”

. . . . .

In Carel Castle a’ alane  
Ane sings a woefu’ sang :—  
“My bairns wait me coming heame,  
Their waiting ‘ill be lang.

“O niver mair i’ Liddesdale  
I’ll pu’ the heather flower ;  
O niver mair I’ll hear the tale,  
That cheers the evening hour.

“My heart it turns to Liddesdale,  
To joys that canna be ;  
Than bide this hour o’ hellish power,  
’Twere sweeter far to dee !”

What years o’ joy or sorrow wait  
The turning o’ a key :  
It gies to ane a living grave,  
Anither—libertie.

The better gift is Jamie Grahme’s ;  
A happy man is he ;  
He leaves the dungeon wi’ a step,  
Wi’ Jock o’ the Pear-tree.

An’ Jock, he taks him by the han’,  
An’ sings right cheerilie :—  
“The Salkelde hes his son an’ heir,  
I hae my ain billie !”

O there was mirth i’ Corby ha’,  
To welcome Willie heame !  
An’ sae was there i’ Liddesdale,  
To welcome Jamie Grahme !

## THE LADYE O' BLENKINSOP.

Blenkinsop Castle is situated on the southern side of the brook Tippal or Tippalt, two-and-a-half miles west of Halt-whistle. It was the seat of the ancient family of Blenkinsop, and came by marriage into the possession of John Blenkinsop Coulson of Jesmond, near Newcastle. There is a legend connected with this castle called "The White Ladye o' Blenkinsop," which is somewhat as follows.

Bryan De Blenkinsop, a brave and handsome youth, was lord of the castle which took his name. He possessed many good qualities, which won him favour amongst his neighbours; but he had one failing, which ultimately wrecked his fortune—this failing was an inordinate love of wealth.

Being present at the marriage of a brother warrior with a lady of high rank and fortune, amongst other toasts was given—"Bryan De Blenkinsop and his ladye love." The youthful lord passionately replied: "Never shall that be until I meet with a lady possessed with a chest of gold heavier than ten of my men can carry into my castle!" The effect this announcement made upon the assembly was noticed by the speaker, who, ashamed of having disclosed his secret thought, suddenly left the castle, and ultimately quitted the country.

After an absence of some years he returned, bringing with him a wife, and a box of gold which took twelve men to carry into his castle. But his married life was not all sunshine: his lady, jealous and revengeful, had her chest removed to a *secret vault*, when the baron, aggravated by her conduct, left *the castle* and was never heard of again. The lady, after

repeated efforts to find her lost lord, also disappeared, and the lives of the two became enveloped in mystery. It is said the lady, filled with remorse, cannot rest in her grave, but must needs wander back and mourn over the chest of gold, the cursed cause of all their woe.

Brave knights are met at Thirlwa',  
To quaff the bridal cuppe,  
Brave knights are met at Thirlwa',  
An' ane is Blenkinsop.

"De Blenkinsop," the minstrels sing,  
Frae Eden to the Tyne ;  
"De Blenkinsop i' field or ring  
Is ane to take the shine !"

His lands are broad, his castle strong,  
His vassals train'd to fight,  
An' 'gainst the foe that wills him wrong,  
He holds his armour bright.

An' he can flee a gay goss-hawk,  
His hounds they are the best,  
His ringing laugh an' cheerfu' talk,  
Make him a welcome guest.

But gayest birds hae feathers grey,  
Which dim admiring sight,  
An' best o' men some failings hae,  
Which cloud their glory bright.



The wine cuppe flows i' Thirlwa'  
Frae early hour to late :  
"Long live the lord o' Thirlwa',  
Long live his blushing mate !"

Cries Thirlwa' : "Our bond to prove  
We drink wi' 'three times three,'  
De Blenkinsop an' ladye love,  
An' happy may they be !"

But answers Blenkinsop wi' pride :  
"To love my heart is cold,  
The maiden that would be my bride  
Must bring her weight i' gold."

Long had the border minstrels told  
Of Blenkinsop the brave ;  
But now he owns his love for gold,  
Their songs are few an' grave.

De Blenkinsop regrets his say,  
That told his selfishness ;  
Sae he has left the barony,  
Wi' rage an' haughtiness.

An' he has sought a strange countrie  
Ayont the ocean-tide ;—  
We wish him the prosperity,  
A selfish heart can bide.

Lift ye the flag o' Blenkinsop,  
An' be it lifted heigh,  
Its lord has taken goodly ship,  
To seek his ain countrie.

Lift ye the flag o' Blenkinsop,  
An' gaily let it flee,  
An' let it flap : " De Blenkinsop  
Is welcom'd heame by me !"

O proudly sits De Blenkinsop,  
Wi'in his ha' thi' night ;  
The rede wine flows wi'in the cuppe,  
The log is burning bright.

An' by him sits a gay ladye,  
Is neither young nor old ;  
An' she has brought him great beauty,  
An' brought her weight i' gold.

An' minstrels are welcoming  
The wanderer to his own ;  
An' border knights are echoing,  
*His deeds o' wide renown.*

If beauty could gie happiness,  
O happy might he be,  
For none his ladye may surpass,  
I' wealthy christendie.

If riches could gie happiness,  
O happy might he be,  
A wealthier man than him I guess,  
Is not in christendie.

But it is said De Blenkinsop  
Is not a happy man ;  
Though wealth is added to his cuppe,  
Full soon it proves a ban.

The ladye though his wedded wife,  
Is not what wife should be ;  
But she a creature is o' strife,  
And works him miserie.

"He loves my gowd fair mair than me,  
And he shall hae my spite !  
Haste ye, my men, and bury ye  
My rival frae his sight."

Twelve men hae honour'd her behest,  
An' sought a secret vault ;  
An' they hae made her gowden chest,  
Secure by bar an' bolt.

It's they hae left her gowden chest,  
Secured by bar an' bolt ;  
An' Blenkinsop wi' troubl'd breast,  
Broods o'er his ladye's fault.

But he has taken goodly ship,  
An' sought a strange countrie ;  
An' time has Ladye Blenkinsop  
To think o' her follie.

. . . . .

There sits a ladye a' forlorn,  
Beside her castle gate ;  
That ladye waits her lord's return,—  
O lang she'll hae to wait !

An' she has waited his return,  
A twelve month an' a day ;  
An' sairly does that ladye mourn :  
“Why bides my lord away?”

She's spoken to her twelve vassals,  
An' bade them cross the sea :—  
“My trusty men bestir yersels,  
An' bring gude news to me.

"Gae bring gude news to me, my men,  
Gae bring gude news to me ;  
Bring news to me o' my leman,  
An' fairins I'll gie ye."

It's they hae taken goodly ship,  
An' they hae cross'd the sea ;  
An' but it proves a fruitless trip  
To men an' faire ladye.

O sairly does that ladye mourn :  
"Why bides my lord away ?"  
An' she is miss'd ae summer morn—  
Where may the ladye stray ?

That ladye spiereth for her lord,  
An' that a task 'ill be ;  
For he is sleeping i' kirkyard,  
Far frae his ain countrie.

"Return, O ! Ladye Blenkinsop,  
Return frae owre the sea !"  
"O ! I am sleeping my last sleep  
Beside my lord's bodie."

The sleeper hasna peacefu' rest  
I' grave beyond the sea ;  
Where buried bides her gowden chest,  
Still walks the White Ladye !

## THE BRIDAL O' NAWORTH.

The Manor of Gilsland, which had descended in the ancient family of Bueth, was wrested from the rightful heir at the Norman Conquest, and conferred to Hubert de Vallibus or Vaux. To Hubert succeeded Robert his son, whose claims to the barony were disputed by Gilles-fil-Bueth. Robert, adopting the ruthless and barbarous policy of a feudal age, removed him by assassination, and thus established an undisputed right to the manorial possessions. Robert de Vallibus founded Lanercost Priory A.D. 1116. Conflicting reasons are assigned by historians for this act: the opinion mostly held is, that it was built as an expiation of the crime of murder. Connected with Naworth Castle is this tradition: When youthful Lord de Vaux stood with his lovely bride at the altar, the spirit of Gilles-fil-Bueth confronted him and put a stop to the ceremony. He was removed, whilst insensible, to the oratory, and before the priest, made a confession of his guilt, and as an atonement founded the priory. When he appeared at the altar a second time with the maiden, either the spirit of Gilles-fil-Bueth had been appeased, or the phantasies of a guilty mind had been dispelled by the influence of religion, for the tradition adds, no further barrier was placed in the way of his happiness.

The hedge-row flowers were blooming yet—  
 A glorious companie,  
 A-waiting the coming o' Margaret,  
*The pride o' the baronie.*

The lover had woo'd, the lover had won,  
An' echoed through hut an' ha' :—  
“A worthy mate is May Margaret,  
For chivalrous Lord-de-Vaux.”

O she was fair, an' fu' braw was he,  
An' baith were o' noble neame ;  
An' dawneth the day, when the bonny May  
Is won to the baron's heame.

The jessamine tree is a slender tree,  
An' it gies a bonny flower ;  
But needs a stay on its climbing way,—  
Sae beauty clasps hands wi' power.

May Margaret is that jessamine tree,  
De Vaux is that timely stay,  
An' beauty an' power shall form a bower,  
To brighten a coming day.

O pleasantlie shone the Autumn sun,  
To welcome the bridal morn ;  
Early astir were ladyes faire,  
An' gentillesse nobly born.

An' early astir were men o' war ;  
But gather not they in strife,—  
But to drink in wine :—“Whom love doth join,  
A *long an' a happy* life.”



De Vaux he has taen his darling's han',  
As the holy words are read ;  
He sees a guest, unseen by the rest,  
An' fa's by his bride as dead.

An' now they hae borne him frae her side,  
An' sad is that ladye's maen :—  
“ The world to me will fu' dreary be,  
Its path I mun tread alane.”

They hae borne him frae his sweet young bride—  
Frae his sweet young bride away ;  
Hush'd is the choir, an' the frien's retire,  
An' sad is that bridal day.

. . . . .

Now starts De Vaux wi' a piercing cry :—  
“ He lives, an' he haunts me still !  
Man vents his spleen, an' his weapon keen  
Strikes deep, but it doesna kill.”

The gude priest cries :—“ Confess thee, my son,  
The demon that haunts thy breast !  
The church has power i' the evil hour,  
An' gies to her children rest.”

Low bends the youth. Confession o' guilt,  
Bears fruit o' a noble kind :—  
“A house to God !” wi' the lifted sod,  
Comes rest to the haunted mind

. . . . .

The hedge-row flowers were blooming yet,  
An' bonnier couldna be,  
When cam the lovely Margaret,  
Ance mair to the baronie.

An' ladyes were there an' gentillesse—  
A goodly companie—  
To welcome that day, the blooming May,  
As queen o' the baronie.

The lover has woo'd, the lover has won,  
An' echoes through hut an' ha' :—  
A worthy mate is May Margaret,  
For chivalrous Lord-de-Vaux !”

The gude priest stands an' he clasps their hands,  
An' neameth them man an' wife ;  
An' floweth the wine :—“Whom love doth join,  
A long an' a happy life !”

O merry are a', in hut an' ha',  
An' echoes the bridal lay :—  
“Beauty an' power shall form a bower,  
To brighten a coming day !”

## THE GREY MAN O' BELLISTER.

Bellister Castle is beautifully situated a mile south-west of Haltwhistle, and a short distance north-east from Featherstone. It was the seat of a younger branch of the Blenkinsops, of Blenkinsop Castle.

John Bacon purchased it from the Blenkinsops in 1715; his grandson, the Rev. Henry Wastell, sold the estate to John Kirsopp of Hexham, 1818, who on his death left it to Robert William Williams of London.

Tradition tells us that when Bellister Castle was occupied by the Blenkinsops, its manorial lords, a wandering minstrel sought the protection of its proof. The evening was far advanced, and the old man was gladdened on being invited to the family hearth. This favour had not been long granted before suspicion entered the bosom of the lord of Bellister. At that time animosity existed between him and a neighbouring baron, and the thought that the minstrel might be a spy in the employ of his enemy at once took possession of his mind. The stranger was not slow in noticing the change distrust had written upon the features of the baron, and this knowledge had the effect of checking his cheerfulness in return. This circumstance soon communicated itself to the entire circle, and it was therefore with more than usual alacrity that the order for withdrawal was obeyed. No sooner, however, was the lord left to himself than suspense rose to passion, and the attendants were summoned to bring the harper into his presence. Great was his surprise on being told he could not be found—the minstrel had escaped from the Castle—arguing, no doubt, distrust at the hands

of his entertainer. The baron was now confirmed in his suspicion, and his embittered spirit thirsted for revenge :— the bloodhounds werè let loose, and by them the unfortunate stranger was torn to pieces before the baron and his dependents had reached the spot. It is added, the spirit of the murdered man haunts the place, and visitors to the neighbourhood hear from the story-loving people strange accounts of the doings of “The Grey Man o’ Bellister.”

O Bellister stands pleasantlie,  
Beside the bonny Tyne ;  
But wi’ a deed o’ crueltye,  
Is wedded to lang syne.

Ae night as lord an’ vassals sat,  
In high festivitie,  
A minstrel calling at the gate,  
Craved hospitalitie.

The night was dark—the hour was late,  
An’ great his povertie,  
An’ weary, lang had he to wait,  
The turning o’ the key,

For there was laughter i’ the ha’  
An’ there was song an’ jest ;  
An’ need hes lang an’ loud to ca’,  
When pleasure claims the breast.

"Gae welcome ye the minstrel !  
His songs shall pay the fee,  
I' merry measure he shall tell  
O' deeds o' chivalry."

Right weel he pays for bed an' board,  
For pleasant songs has he,  
An' for his pains the haughty lord  
Has shown him courtesie.

But in that lord a change is seen :  
Suspicion takes his breast ;  
The stranger marks his alter'd mien,  
An' shows in turn unrest.

The lord bethinks him o' a foe,  
Who holds him deadly hate :—  
"Mebbe the stranger i' my ha'  
As spy does on me wait."

Now hastily he bids depart  
Each guest unto his room ;  
But passion burns wi' keener smart,—  
Suspense is martyrdom.

"Gae summon ye the fause stranger !"  
The lord in anger cries ;  
An' when returns the messenger,  
Great is that lord's surprise.

"Sae he has bade us swift farewell !  
But hate shall set his bounds ;—  
Up, ye whae guard my proud castell,  
An' loose my swiftest hounds !"

O, swift the feet o' crueltie !—  
The hounds hae pass'd the gate ;  
Ae cry, an' that o' agony,  
Tells o' the minstrel's fate.

Hard by the banks o' bonny Tyne,  
His grave they diggèd deep ;  
An' willows o' the greenest green,  
Tell where he sleeps his sleep.

An' noo the lord o' Bellister  
Does penance for the deed ;  
An' prays the church to minister  
The comforts o' her creed.

But conscience brands him murderer,  
An' this he canna bide ;—  
Sae he has sought a sepulchre,  
I' chapel by Tyne side.

The old folk speak o' Bellister—  
An' this is what they tell :—  
The castell hes a visitor—  
The murdered minstrel.

Sae, should ye visit Bellister,  
I'd hae ye early gan' ;  
Ye'll meet, gin ye be late astir,  
The Bellister grey man.



## THE BONNY BAIRNS I' CAREL TOON.

Miss Smith, in her poem on Carlisle, in "Old Castles," makes reference to twelve Scottish youths, unredeemed hostages, who were hung in Carlisle Castle. This lady told the writer that her information was obtained from history, but whether Scottish or English she was unable to say, having neglected to make a note of it at the time. It is probable the story may have had its origin in tradition; for it seems strange that an incident so remarkable should have escaped the notice of popular national historians. Be this as it may, the thing is worthy our gathering, and we take it, thanking our author for the story.

O there are twelve castells i' fair Scotland;—  
 O there are twelve castells most fair to see :  
 An' the lords that rule o'er the goodly land,  
 They are men o' prowess an' braverie.

The lords that hae rule o'er the fair castells,  
 They are men o' prowess an' braverie ;  
 An' it's they hae foughten wi' English knights,  
 But it's not wi' them is the victorie.

The fighting was keen on that day I ween,  
 On that day I ween there was butcheries;  
 For mony their men, an' niver a ane  
 But wad dare an' dee for their ain countrie.

Now Scotland's twelve lords hae lain doon their  
swords—

Hae lain doon their swords upon bended knee ;  
Their glory is gaen, they are prisoners taen,  
An' lang they may beg for their libertie.

They gie their wee sons as hostages,—  
As hostages to the English side ;  
An' noo they hae mounted on willing steeds,  
An' owre the border they gaily ride.

Far owre the border they gaily ride,—  
O gaily they ride to their castell heames ;  
An' happy this day are the Scottish lairds,  
An' happy this day are their bonny deames.

But changeth the tale !—they mun bid farewell  
Unto wife an' to castell an' countrie ;  
O, they mun agree wi' the enemy,  
An' win for their bairnies their libertie.

“O spare not the whip, O spare not the spur,  
The road it is lang, an' the hour is fleet !”  
“We are not o' flint—love needeth nae hint,  
Our horses keep time to our hearts' true beat.”

The riders they ride frae the dark till dawn,—  
Frae the dark till dawn, an' they hae nae slack ;  
Ilk lady may weep i' her castell keep,  
For niver again shall her lord won back.

O niver again shall her lord won back—

For the green sod covers his deide bodie ;—

The twelve Scottish lords they are slain by swords,

That are wielded by men o' treacherie.

A birdie sang wae, on a greenwood tree—

On a greenwood tree as the sun gaed doon :

“O for the bairns, the bonny bairns,

That await the morn i' Carel toon !”

A lady that hour in her grey-stean tower,

Sat wearily watching the sun gae doon ;

An' she heard that sang, an' it gave a pang,

For she had a bairn i' Carel toon.

O she had a bairn sae dear to her—

As dear to her as a bairn could be ;

An' lieth that son in a cold dungeon,

Dreaming o' heame an' his ain countrie.

This day there is weeping i' Carel toon :

The twelve bonny bairns they needs must dee !

They carry ilk ane frae the cold dungeon—

*Frae the cold dungeon to the gallows tree.*

This day there is weeping i' fair Scotland :  
Ilk mither she weeps for her ain bairnie !  
She'll miss frae her bower the bonny flower,  
That droops this day on the gallows tree.

A birdie sang wae, on a greenwood tree,—  
On a greenwood tree as the sun gaed doon :—  
“O for the bairns, the bonny bairns,  
That death has i' keeping i' Carel toon !”

## THE GOLD TABLE O' THIRLWA'.

Thirlwall Castle, a dark and melancholy fortress much in ruin, occupies that part of the Roman wall which crosses the Tippal, or Tippalt, near the Irthing, on the borders of Northumberland.

It may be called with propriety the stronghold, rather than the seat, of the Thirlwalls. The last of the Thirlwall family, Eleanor, sold this castles with its demesnes to the Earl of Carlisle.

It was here that the Scots forced their way through the barrier after the departure of the Romans. Having collected their forces, they made openings with their mattocks and pick-axes, and from these gaps or breaches the site obtained the name of Thirlwall, which signifies in the Saxon language, a perforated or broken wall.

A tradition is linked to this castle called "The Gold Table o' Thirlwa'." We are told that one of the barons of Thirlwall returned from the wars laden with treasures, amongst which was a table of solid gold. Not only did he become an object of envy amongst his neighbours, but he excited the covetous dispositions of the numerous bands of freebooters with which the borders abounded; yet the baron held the possessions against all comers,—brave himself, he boasted of true and daring followers. Furthermore, the gold table was said to be guarded day and night by a hideous dwarf, represented by many to be the foul fiend himself. But change came to the house of Thirlwall: a Scot more bold than his neighbours came with his men; they stormed the castle by night, and the *baron and his retainers*, after a desperate resistance, were

slain. Search was made for the treasure, but dwarf and gold table had disappeared : a further search was made, but without success, when after having set fire to the castle, they departed. It is said that the dwarf had, during the heat of the engagement, removed the treasure ; and after having thrown it into a deep draw well, jumped in, and by his infernal power closed the top of it. So much for the tradition which, wild as it is, finds a place in the faiths of the people. Many speak of the treasure which lies at the bottom of the "dwarf's well."

The youthfu' laird o' Thirlwa'  
Sits brooding o'er his povertie,  
An' up there comes a wee strange man,  
To keep him pleasant companie.

"Ye needna sit i' sorry mood,  
Gin ye'll agree to mate wi' me ;  
I'll gift ye wi' a matchless sword,  
An' gang wi' ye across the sea :

"An' ye shall prosper owre the sea,  
An' fame shall hae an' yellow gold;  
An' border tale an' minstrelsie,  
Shall glory i' this border hold !"

"Ye're words are fair for a stranger,  
I thank ye for ye're courtesie,  
But pray excuse the questioner—  
What may ye seek noo for ye're fee?"

"O I would bind ye wi' an oath,  
That ye will niver bend the knee  
To Virgin Mary, nor to saint,  
Nor cry to Jesus for mercie :

"Gin ye be faithfu' to ye're oath,  
O ye shall hae securitie ;  
But gin ye should unfaithfu' prove,  
Then ye may dree adversitie."

The lord is pleased to take the oath,  
An' noo together mate the twee,  
An' they hae taken goodly ship,  
To seek their fortune owre the sea.

The border barons mun sing low !  
For ane returns frae yont the sea,  
'Ill tak the banter frae them a',—  
For he has money an' plentie.

He brings wi' him a fighting band,  
An' ane weel worthy o' the name,  
An' noo i' castle Thirlwa',  
They glory i' ilk ither's fame.

He clears the chapel o' the pew,  
O' pulpit, bible, cross an' a',  
An' places there a gold table,  
An' feasts his neebors when they ca'.

His vassals they drink o' the wine,  
An' song an' laughter fill the ha';—  
They drink the health o' the wee man,—  
They drink the health o' Thirlwa'.

O ane is faithfu' to his oath,  
An' ane contented wi' his fee,  
An' sae i' castle Thirlwa'  
Is plenty wi' securitie.

“My bonny men, bestir yersels,  
An' don ye ready for a fight!  
A castle stands upon the Wa',  
An' we'll gang harry it thi' night.”

“Noo gin ye speak o' Thirlwa',  
I rede ye, master, dinna gan';—  
The castle wi' the gold table  
Is guarded by an unco man.”



"'Twould ill become a Scottish knight  
To cower to an English chiel !  
I'll won to Thirlwa' thi' night,  
An', faith, I'll gar him rin a reel !"

The bauld hae gude luck o' their side,  
Nor less has he our Scottish knight ;—  
He meets wi' ane upon his ride,  
Wi' ane whae owes the baron spite.

"Ye spier the road to Thirlwa' !—  
Gif guide ye need that guide I'll be ;  
But let me deal its lord the blow,  
That sends him to his miserie :

"He cleared the chapel o' the pew,  
O' pulpit, bible, cross an' a',  
An' me, his priest, to duties true,  
He kickèd like an auld foot-ba'."

Noo they hae come to Thirlwa',  
An' 'gainst the wa' they place the stee ;  
An' cries the Scot : "My bonny men,  
Grip weel the sword an' follow me !"

Then up an' spak' the wary priest :  
"Gin ye this castle would harry,  
Ye'll hae to try some ither plan,  
Or else unlucky ye will be :

"A warder keeps the castle gate,—  
I wot he has a watchfu' ee ;  
An' they whae scale the castle wa',  
'Ill meet wi' unco companie.

"Gin ye would harry this gude nest,  
I guess the better way 'ill be,  
To enter by the castle gate ;—  
An' mebbe I can find a key."

. . . . .

"Why harp ye at the castle gate,  
When decent folk a-bed should be ?"  
"I seek a shelter frae the blast,  
I' name o' christian charity."

"O ye mun hae some ither plea,  
Gin ye would shelter hae an' board ;  
For words which smack o' sanctity,  
Are hatefu' to my jolly lord."

"Ye mebbe diinna ken my tongue ?  
But weel I ken that tongue o' thine ;—  
We twee hae quaff'd the cheering cuppe,  
Sae let us drink to auld lang syne :

"I journey frae 'yont Liddesdale,  
An' carry wi' me gude Scotch drink !"  
The wary priest has found a key,  
An' bar an' bolt gae clink-a-clink.

O little thinks he, Thirlwa',  
When feasting wi' his companie,—  
A priest is keeper o' the gate,  
An' welcome gaes the enemy.

"Come ben, come ben, my fighting men,  
I bid ye welcome, ane an' a' ;  
Thi' night the priest 'ill hae a feast,  
An' play a game i' Thirlwa' !"

Wi' sword i' hand, the robber band  
Comes on the jolly companie ;—  
An' men o' might, when met i' fight,  
Can do a share o' butchery.

The lord he is a troubl'd man ;—  
An' noo he prays on bended knee :  
"Synne mortal men nae pity ken,  
O ! Holy Virgin, help ye me !"

"Noo," cries the priest, "I'll hae a feast !  
An' likewise I will hae my fee !"  
Wi' kittle sword he strikes the lord  
A blow that wounds him mortallie.

An' cries the knight : " O might is right !

Sae I will hae the gold table !"

" That gif ye can !" quo' the wee man,

" But first ye'll hae to spell ABLE !"

The dwarf has taen the gold table,

An' speaks he noo i' mockery :

" I' deep draw-well henceforth I dwell,—

Whae seeks the prize mun follow me !"

The Scot he is a baff'd man,—

The well it closes 'fore his ee :

" The deil his-sel is i' the well,

An' he may keep his gowd for me !"

## THE GOOD LADYE.

St. Bees, like many other places in England, owes its origin to a religious community, one of which was founded here long anterior to the compilation of Doomsday Book or the landing of the Normans. The parish takes its name from Bega, an Irish saint, who founded a small nunnery here about the year 650. She seems to have led a life of piety and virtue; and after her decease a church was dedicated to God under her invocation. There are many accounts given of the foundation of the original convent of St. Bees; some of them are very contradictory. The common version is that given in Sandford's MS., and which is as follows: "This abbie, by tradition, built upon this occasion (for the times I refer you to the chronicles):—That there was a pious and religious lady abbess, and some of her sisters with her, driven in by stormy weather at Whitehaven, and [the] ship cast away i' th' harbour and so destitute. And so she went to the lady of Egremont Castle for reliefe. That Lady, a godly woman, pitied her distress, and desired her lord to give her some place to dwell in. And she and her sisters sewed and spinned and wrought carpets and other work, and lived very godly lives, as gott them much love. She desired lady Egremont to desire her lord to build them a house, and they would lead a religious life together, and many wolde joine with them if they had but a house and land to live upon. Wherewith the Lady Egremont was very well pleased, and spoke to her lord he had land enough, and [should] give them some to lye up treasure in heaven. And the Lord laughed at the Lady, and said he would give them as much land as snow fell upon the

next morning and in midsummer day. And on the morrow looked out at the castle window to the sea side, two miles from Egremont, all was white with snow for three miles together. And thereupon builded this St. Bees Abbie, and gave all those lands was snowen unto it and the town and haven of Whitehaven."

There sails on the sea a good ladye,  
A good ladye an' her maidens fair :  
Ye waves rin low, an' gie them to know,  
O' worth an' beauty ye hae good care !

There sails on the sea a good ladye,  
A good ladye an' her maidens true :  
Ye winds blow low, that sâe ye may show  
To worth an' beauty the service due !

A night an' a day they sail gaily,  
They sail gaily, an' their hopes are good ;  
But ere they come to fair Cumberland,  
Their ship it suffers frae wind an' flood.

The ship it suffers frae wind an' flood,  
But blithely singeth that good ladye :—  
"We bear the cross, an' we take the loss,  
An' a' for heaven an' good Marye."

The ship it suffers frae wind an' flood,  
But echo the sang the maidens three :—  
"We bear the cross, an' we take the loss,  
An' a' for heaven an' good Marye."

Noo, high abune waves an' winds abune,  
A voice has come to the good ladye :  
"Bear ye the cross, an' take ye the loss,  
The cross an' loss shall be gain to ye !"

Noo, high abune winds an' waves abune,  
A voice has come to the maidens three :  
"Bear ye the cross, an' take ye the loss,  
The cross an' loss shall be gain to ye !"

The winds an' the waves they rage madly—  
Hae sunk the ship i' the deep, deep sea;  
But wind an' wave, they hae heart to save—  
The good ladye, an' her maidens three.

I' early morn, they hae safely borne  
The faithfu' band, to a peacefu' strand ;  
Wi' glad surprise, i' the sweet sun-rise,  
They hail the beauties o' Cumberland.

Egremont Castle has won great fame,—  
Its lord an' ladye hae done good deed ;—  
O, they hae shown the Samaritan,  
*To the fair travellers i' their need.*

Happy they dwell i' that faire castell—  
That faire castell by the western sea ;  
Happy they dwell i' that faire castell,—  
The good ladye an' her maidens three.

When dwelleth plentie wi'in the hive,—  
Wi'in the hive monie drones there be :  
This castle-heame hes its honey-keame,  
An' it shelters bees o' industrie.

As busy as bees are the ladyes—  
Are the ladyes i' that castle-heame ;—  
It doeth well for the fairé castell—  
O, well it doeth for lord an' deame.

O, well it doeth for lord an' deame ;  
They hae return o' their charitie :  
They twirl the wheel, an' they spin the reel,  
An' weave the linen sae white to see.

O, well it doeth for lord an' deame,  
An' it doeth well for the countrie ;—  
Monie the poor by the western shore,  
An' they taste o' their kind industrie.

Ladye Egremont wooeth her lord :  
“ A boon, a boon I now ask o' thee !  
Gie o' thy land, wi' liberal hand,  
To this good ladye an' maidens three .



“Gie o’ thy land, wi’ liberal hand,  
To this good ladye an’ maidens three ;  
That they may dwell by our faire castell,  
An’ bless us wi’ their industrie !”

But answer gies he to his ladye :  
“The morn is midsummer day, ladye !  
An’ as much lan’ as snow shall fa’ on,  
I’ll gie the strangers right cheerfullie.”

“Now, shame o’ thee, lord, to speak sec word,  
To answer me thus wi’ mockery !  
Such goodly deed, it would win thee meed,—  
O’ graces, greatest is charitie.”

Frae castell sae heigh he looks early,—  
I wot an’ a puzzl’d man is he ;  
There i’ the dawn are his good lands sown,  
Wi’ that he niver had thought to see.

Frae castell sae heigh he looks early,—  
I wot an’ a thoughtfu’ man is he :  
He sees the snow, like a man o’ law,  
His good lands claiming frae hold to sea.

He gies o’ his land wi’ lib’ral hand—  
Wi’ lib’ral hand to the good ladye ;  
The kindly deed it has won him meed,  
An’ Heaven treasures his charitie.

An' now the ladye an' maidens three,  
Hae beild o' their ain an' great plentie;  
An' rich an' poor by the western shore,  
Partake o' their hospitalitie.

## MAY MARYE.

Askerton Castle is situated on the banks of the Cambeck, about seven miles north-east of Brampton, and is the property of the Earl of Carlisle. It was the usual residence of an officer called the land-serjeant, whose duty it was to take the command of the inhabitants in repelling the moss-troopers. Thomas, Lord Dacre, when Lord Warden, in the reign of Henry VIII. occasionally resided at this castle. It is stated to have been in great decay in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There was formerly a park belonging to it. A few years ago this castle was repaired and converted into a good farm-house. Associated with this castle is the following tradition:—Long ago, in days previous to those which witnessed the sway of “Belted Will,” in the district known as Speir-Adam-Waste, and neighbouring Askerton Castle, stood a lone and solitary peel or farm house, with herd house or cottage adjoining. The peel was occupied by two brothers of the name of Rome. These brothers fell in love with a maiden, the only daughter of the occupants of the cottage. Henry, the younger, was the accepted suitor; and David, aggravated by the favour shown to his brother, sought a speedy revenge. The happy pair having gained the consent of the parents to their marriage, early in the morning set out for the Abbey, there to be joined in the holy bands of matrimony. They were way-laid by the brother, who became the cruel murderer of the maiden whom he had professed to love. The spot where the tragedy took place bears the name of *Yellow Coat Slack*, received from the colour of a part of the dress worn by the unfortunate girl.

Hard by the Castle Askerton,  
Lived bonny May Marye ;  
The bonniest lass, I wot, was she,  
In a' the north countrie.

The ladies a' round Askerton,  
They slight her companie ;  
But gowans greet the fairy feet  
O' bonny May Marye.

The ladies a' round Askerton,  
They slight her, an' they lee ;  
But singing birds, wi' angel words,  
Speak o' the gude Marye.

O, Marye is her father's bairn,—  
His joy an' hope is she ;  
An' she is to that father's heart,  
As blossom to the tree.

O, Marye is her mother's bairn,—  
Her care an' comfort she ;  
An' she is to that mother's heart,  
As ivy to the tree.

But comes an hour unto the bower,  
An' shakes the laden tree ;  
An' weary noo, an' dreary noo,  
That father's heart 'ill be.

An' cometh ane, an' he has taen  
The ivy frae the tree ;  
An' weary noo, an' dreary noo,  
That mother's heart 'ill be.

Marye is lo'ed by Henrye,—  
A comely youth is he ;  
An' he has fame, an' he can claim  
A noble ancestry.

O, Marye's heart an' Henrye's heart,  
For lang hae been as ane ;  
An' noo they speak, an' noo they seek  
The auld folks' benison.

A brother has young Henrye,  
Whea isn't owre good ;  
Atween him an' his happiness,  
This brother lang has stood.

Atween him an' his happiness,  
He is a barrier ;  
The auld man kens their difference,  
An' bids o' him beware :—

“O, ye may cross a hungry wolf,  
When baffl'd o' its prey ;  
But ye mun shun the haughty man,  
That canna hae his say.

"O, ye may launch your bonny bark,  
Upon an angry sea ;  
But ye mun dree, an' constantlie,  
The man o' tyrannie."

Auld folk 'ill talk, an' they may talk,  
But young folk hae nea dree ;  
Come weal, come woe, the loving twa  
Make to the priory :

Come weal, come woe, the loving twa  
Make to the priory ;  
But there are feet, an' they are fleet,  
An' they on mischief flee.

"O, cheer thee up, my bonny bird,  
An' cheery be thy sang ;  
Wi'in yon gates the gude priest waits,  
An' we'll be wed ere lang !"

"The birdie droops its downy wings,  
When clouds are flitting by ;  
An' O ! my heart does nought but start,—  
A cloud flits owre her sky."

The' morn is rife wi' happy life,  
An' yet things startie be ;  
Ane wadna think sae sweet a spot  
Knew aught o' cruelty.

The fox it gaes through farmstead,  
The hawk it gaes through wood,  
The spider weaves its silken web,  
The fourmart 'bodes nea good.

An' likewise for my bonny pair,  
There lives an enemy ;—  
The adder sneaking i' the grass,  
Gaes nit mair stealthily.

The lovers climb the whinny knowe ;  
An' they hae cross'd the slack ;  
An' noo a rustle 'mang the broom,  
Tells ane is on the track !

"Noo stay ! noo stay, ye run-aways !  
I'll hae ye answer me ;  
What evil deed has gar'd ye speed  
Away sae stealthilie ?"

The brother to the brother speaks :—  
"I needna answer thee ;  
The road thou spierest ken'st thou weel—  
Thou com'st wi' treachery."

"Thou matest wi' a lowly born,  
An' thou would wi' her wed ;  
That ane sae dear shall deck a bier !  
But never marriage bed !

“That ane sae dear shall deck a bier,  
But never marriage bed !  
The arm before would shelter’d her,  
Is that to strike her dead !

“The arm before would shelter’d her,  
Is that to strike her dead !  
The scornfu’ lip shall never slip—  
She wadna wi’ me wed.”

A sword gaes hissing frae its sheath,  
An’ pierces Marye’s breast ;—  
She flees into her lover’s arms,  
As bird makes to its nest.

Wrapp’d in his arms she fa’s asleep,  
Sae young, an’ oh ! sae fair !  
An’ noo a flower i’ paradise,  
She breathes a kindlier air.

Young Henrye mourns his darling ane,  
The big tear in his ee :—  
“Reft o’ my love, the world ’ill prove  
A wilderness to me !

“The robber o’ my darling’s life,  
A robber’s death shall dee ;  
But syne he takes me noo unarm’d,  
My vengeance he may flee.”



The peel an' hut o' auld lang syne,  
Hae lang i' ruins lain ;  
But shaking hands wi' olden time,  
Stands Castle Askerton.

Sweet wild flowers whisper frae the grave,  
O' bonny May Marye :—  
“A watch we keep o'er ane asleep,  
Mair fair than flower can be !”

## LIZZIE BATY.\*

Twae lassies, full o' life an' fun,  
 Mak' mirth at Lizzie's fright;  
 A dumpy wully, meddl'd wi',  
 Hes shown the lady fight.

An' her distress ye weel may guess,  
 For sair her pride is stung,—  
 The twae are promised their deserts,  
 In her prophetic tongue :

“O ye may dance ye're mocking dance,  
 An' giggle to ye're will,  
 The witch-wife works ye fun aneuf,  
 An' ye shall hae ye're fill.”

The little toon is a' astir,  
 The lassies laugh an' rin,  
 The clapper i' the Applegarth,  
 Mak's nit a bigger din.

\* See an account of Lizzie Baty at end of the ballad.

Alang the delf-rack dance they noo,  
An' plates gae clink-a-clink,  
The mice are match'd for nimbleness,  
An' ken na what to think.

Sae loud they laugh,—their voices rin,  
Like an alarum clock ;  
The crazy strain tak's cock an' hen,  
An' dog, an' bubbling jock.

They danc'd an' danc'd, like mad they danc'd,  
An' sair the neebors fret ;  
'Twas said the deil led off the reel,  
That neet at Hemmel's Yett.

O weary days an' weary neets,  
The young folk hed to bide ;  
An' news o' Lizzie's witchery,  
Hes travell'd far an' wide.

There cam' that geat a holy man,  
Weel skilled in sec like art ;  
O' him they seek a kindly help,  
To gar the spell depart :

“I hae nea power to brek the spell,  
I can but neame its kind ;—  
Nine pins deep driven i' the grund,  
The bonnie lassies bind.

“Ilk day an’ night the witch-wife gaes,  
An’ shifts ilk siller pin,  
An’ while she plies her idle task,  
The twee mun dance an’ grin.

“Should she forgit ’mang other wark,  
The shifting o’ ilk pin;—  
The lassies shall hae liberty,  
To mingle wi’ their kin.”

They wait, an’ wait, an’ weary wait,—  
Mebbe she may forget!  
But aye they dance, an’ aye they laugh,—  
The dame’s no’ sleeping yet.

But Lizzie hes a busy time,  
Wi’ strangers that can pay;  
An’ moments strung wi’ siller bags,  
Can pleasant music play.

An’ clink-a-clink the money gaes,  
As roun’ an’ roun’ it spins!  
Wi’ busy watching o’ the coins,  
She quite forgets the pins.

A queen can nobbet ho’d the reins,  
Till fortune gies a pitch,—  
Our Lady’s thrown—the spell undone,  
Gaes freedom frae the witch.

An' lang the lassies leeve to tell,  
 To neebor an' to kin,—  
 How Lizzie wi' her witchery,  
 Hed gar'd them dance an' grin.

#### NOTE.

Lizzie Baty was one of the wise women of Cumberland, who obtained great notoriety in her day. She died at the Bleach House, now known as Low Beck Side, Brampton, on March 6th, 1817, at the age of 88 years, and was interred at the New Church. She and her husband lie side by side. A plain stone is raised to their memory, and reads thus :—

In memory of

JOHN BATY, of Brampton, formerly schoolmaster,  
 who died March 30th, 1808, aged 80 years.

Also, ELIZABETH, his wife, who died March 6th, 1817,  
 aged 88 years.

Old Lizzie was spoken of as the Brampton Sybil or Witch ; in this character she practised many years with great success, having been consulted by persons from all parts, respecting stolen property and other affairs.

There are people living in Brampton who have a vivid recollection of her. Mrs. Tinling, who lived neighbour to her in Crow Ha', is in possession of her walking stick, and to this lady the writer is indebted for much of his information. Mrs. Tinling made her grave clothes, and her mother was present at her death and "laying out." Her death is said to have been easy.

The day on which the old woman was interred is said to have been one of the wildest remembered for thunder and *lightning*. Darkness came so suddenly upon the town that

lanterns had to be used at the grave, and owing to the high wind the candles had to be re-lighted several times. A singular occurrence took place. A young man named Pickering, either driven by curiosity or overcome by fear, approached too near the grave, and accidentally slipped his foot and fell in.

She is described as a *canny auld body*, who usually wore a red cloak with hood—the cloak being trimmed with white fur—a style of dress which we think has a certain stamp of respectability about it; and there is little doubt but Lizzie had seen better days, for my friend remembers a Colonel Douglas coming with a carriage to induce his sister to give up her evil course, and return to her home: in this he was unsuccessful. At times Lizzie was very communicative. On one occasion she gave Mrs. Tinling a short account of her life. According to this, she was born and brought up at Castle Douglas, and eloped with one John Baty, a school-master, making her escape one winter's night, when snow covered the ground, by means of sheets which she tied to her bed posts. After leaving home they had to pass through a churchyard. Here her boldness forsook her, and she was overcome with fear; she knelt upon a grave, and prayed. They then made their way to Kirksbecktown, Bewcastle. Here they settled, and the husband sought by fortune telling to earn a livelihood. Leaving Kirksbecktown they journeyed to Brampton Fell, and it is believed that whilst living here John Baty died. After this Lizzie lived a short time at Talkin, then at Aron's Town, and finally settled in Crow Ha', in a cottage, which stood near the beck;—the site of the cottage is now garden ground adjoining Rose Villa. In her last sickness she was removed to her daughter's, Mrs. Salkeld, Low Beck Side, where she died. We are assured by Mrs. Tinling she was a kind, neighbourly body, ever ready to render a service. On one occasion, a neighbour's child having died, she volunteered and sat up with Mrs. Tinling to

relieve the parents. Though she never attended a place of worship, she had regard to God's word. The Bible was her Sabbath book ; she had a frame on which she placed the volume when reading—poor Lizzie hoping to make religious exercises atone for deeds of darkness. Many things are told of Lizzie. A Mrs. G——, a farmer's wife, who lived in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, was moved to visit her, and to make presents of butter, eggs, and other farm produce. At last human nature rebelled : she discontinued her visits, when ill-luck came to her house. The horse, which had borne her to and from Brampton, sickened and died ; the butter was spoiled in the churning ; the cream bowls were broken ; and similar disasters were of daily occurrence. In her distress she sought counsel of a priest, who instructed her to break the spell. This was to be accomplished by drawing blood from the old woman. For this purpose she paid a last visit to Brampton. She came to the cottage, and before Lizzie was aware of her intention, drew a darning needle across her brow, and wounded her. Mrs. Tinling assisted to bandage her brow, and it was some days before the old woman was herself again. The assault was witnessed by Mrs. Rutherford, now living, whose parents also were neighbours of Lizzie. Having noticed the fury of Mrs. G——, she followed, and saw her doings through the window-pane. We fancy the farmer's wife was none the better for her visit, for we are told, a short time after, she threw herself into a draw-well and was drowned. A Mrs. L——, had on several occasions lost the butter which she had bought at the market ; but now her grievance was deepened by the disappearance of a leg of mutton ;—she would visit Lizzie and ascertain the name of the depredator, though in her own mind judgment had already been passed. Mrs. Tinling accompanied her. She was told that her suspicions were ill-founded ; that the articles had been taken by a spaniel dog belonging to a *Captain Oliver* ; and that besides the butter and leg of

mutton, a wedge of soap had been removed some days previous. Moreover, she was told that if she would go to a midden in the Brewery field, she would find the wedge of soap and part of the leg of mutton. She went and found it even as Lizzie had said. In her teens, Mrs. Tinling and a young woman went to have their fortunes told—the young woman had been talking of having a white dress for her wedding-day. On entering the cottage, Lizzie addressed her in words like these: “Thou needn’t bother the’sel about the’ sweetheart; *and I say a white dress*, thou’ll git a white dress sune enough.” They were at a loss what to make of Lizzie’s remarks. On the Tuesday following, the young woman caught cold at the washing,—this was followed by fever and death.

The following is told me by Mrs. Rutherford, (the lady referred to in the account of Lizzie and the farmer’s wife.) Lizzie, with others, had ordered a cartload of coals. The cartman had been fortunate in procuring a good lot, which he purposed taking to a favourite customer; but it so happened that the horse made a stand, when opposite Lizzie’s door, and in spite of whip and word, refused to go further. Wearied at length by his efforts, he turned in to unload, informing the old woman that he had brought her a load of good coals. You may fancy his surprise when he was met by Lizzie, saying: “Nae thanks to thee! If the horse hedn’t hed mair sense then its maister I wadn’t hae gitten them.”

We close the chapter by giving the incident which suggested our ballad. Two girls, who resided at Hemble’s Gate, commonly called Hemel’s Yett, were making home by way of Crow Ha’, when they saw a *dumpy wully* (a pet lamb) run against old Lizzie, and knock her down; this afforded no small amusement to the girls, who joined heartily in the laugh of the spectators. This brought upon them the ill-will of the old lady, who addressed them in prophetic



words: "Ye shall hae laughin' an' dancin' eneugh efter this." The young women, on going home, startled the house by their maniacal manoeuvres. This continued some days, and how they got their liberty is not known. Mrs. Tinling suggests it was procured by gifts to the old woman. Our ballad argues a different deliverance.

## THE LADYE O' UNTHANK.

Unthank Hall, the beautiful residence of the Rev. Dixon Brown, is pleasantly situated on the south bank of the South Tyne, about a mile and a half south-east of Haltwhistle. It is hallowed in history through its connection with the name of Bishop Ridley, the martyr. There are conflicting opinions respecting his birth-place. His biographer states that he was born at Willimoteswick; while Hodgson, the learned historian of Northumberland, writes in respect to Unthank: "It was the birth-place of Ridley the martyr, sometime about the year 1500." Bishop Ridley, just before his death, 16th October, 1555, wrote: "Farewell my beloved syster of Unthank"; and to his cousin: "Farewell my well-beloved and worshipful cousin, Master Nicholas Ridley of Willimoteswick." The fact of his sister being resident at Unthank, and his cousin at Willimoteswick, strengthens the belief that Unthank was his paternal home. The Rev. Dixon Brown most obligingly writes: "I believe there is little doubt but that Unthank belonged to the Ridley family, as his farewell letter is addressed to 'my beloved sister of Unthank.' When I first came to Unthank there was a room traditionally called the Bishop's Room, certainly in the oldest part of the house. But I question much whether in the time of Bishop Ridley Unthank Hall was anything more than a peel tower with about two rooms."

As the author is more accustomed with weaving together the elastic threads of tradition, than joining the broken threads

of history, he leaves the settlement of this question to abler hands. In the ballad he avails himself of the poet's license. The Lady o' Unthank is presented as having married from Willimoteswick ;—this is falling in with the generally received tradition.

“ O why art thou sae wae, ladye ?

O why art thou sae wae ?

Thy cheeks are grown lily-white,

Sae rosy yesterday.

“ O is thy Ha' not fair, ladye ?

O is thy lord not true ?

Would'st thou gae back to Wilmontswick,

An' bid us a' adieu ?

“ Thy maidens are not few, ladye,

An' weel they wait on thee ;

Thy name, it hes the sweetest place,

I' border minstrelsie.

“ Then, wherefore art thou wae, ladye ?

O wherefore art thou wae ?

Thine e'e hes lost its witcherie,

Thy tongue hes lost its play.”

“ O Unthank is a pleasant beild,—

Nane fairer by the Tyne ;

My maidens a', attend me weel ;

Thy heart, my lord, is mine.

“ My name it is by minstrels sung,  
An' yet but I am wae ;—  
I hed a dream, a woefu' dream,—  
A dream that haunts me aye.

“ A woefu' dream I hed yestreen,  
I fear it 'bodes nae good ; —  
I dream'd the waters o' Linn Burn,  
Were chang'd to human blood.

“ The bonnie windings o' Linn Burn,  
I wander'd, love, wi' thee ;—  
We pu'd the May alang our way,  
An' fill'd the braes wi' glee.

“ But darkness came upon our path,  
An' terror stay'd our breath ;  
For ane stood by us, clad i' white,  
Whose presence spake o' death.

“ His e'en they were o' heaven's blue,—  
They sweetly shone on me ;  
O weel I ken'd that visitor,—  
My brither dear—'twas he.

“ His spirit, like a bright sunbeam,  
Sped o'er the limpid flood ;  
An' O the woe !—the crystal flow,  
Was noo a stream o' blood.

"'Tis this that pales my rosy cheek ;  
'Tis this that dulls my e'e ;—  
That gies a pain to heart an' brain,  
An' robs my tongue o' glee."

. . . . .

"Come hither, hither, my foot page,  
Come hither unto me ;  
Gae noo an' climb the topmost tower,  
An' see what thou canst see !"

"Nae foe is near ; the sky is clear,  
The bird sings on the tree ;  
But cometh ane, wi' spur an' rein,  
An' rides he hastilie."

"O haste thee ! haste thee, my foot page !  
See what he bringeth me !  
I fear he brings me sorry news—  
Frae London town comes he."

He's gien to her a braid letter ;—  
O, watery is her e'e :  
"Noo be it gude or evil news,  
This letter brings to me ?"

She hesna read of her letter,  
A word but barely three,  
Till she hes fa'n the ground upon,  
An' weepèd bitterlie :

“A lang farewell, my brither dear,  
Thou'st taen this day o' me ;  
Lang ere this hour thou'st left the tower,  
To burn on cursèd tree !

“I mind me o' that woefu' dream,—  
It boded ill to me ;  
In it I reade my brither deide—  
An' reade my miserie.”

. . . . .

“The trees are a' i' leaf, ladye,  
The heather is i' bloom ;  
The harebell vies the blue, blue skies,—  
The primrose vies the broom.

“The cuckoo hides amang the boughs,  
The lark is on the wing ;  
Gae forth wi' me, my ain dearie,  
An' welcome gie the Spring.”

“There is nae Spring for me, my love,  
There is nae Spring for me ;—  
There is nae light for my heart's night,  
This side eternitie.

## THE LADYE JANE.

Featherstone Castle, the residence of John George Frederick Hope Wallace, Esq., is three miles distant from Haltwhistle. It is beautifully situated on the east bank of the South Tyne, opposite the Hartley burn, and is surrounded on all sides by wood, water, and mountain scenery. It was held from 1212 for twelve generations in unbroken succession by the Featherstonhaugh family. From 1706 it came into the possession of a collateral branch, who sold it to Jas. Wallace, Esq., Attorney-General for England. It descended to his son, Lord Wallace, who left it to the Honble. James Hope Wallace, father of the present proprietor.

Tradition says : In olden times, a baron of Featherstone sought to marry his only daughter to a husband of his own choosing. The lady pleaded an earlier attachment, but her father was deaf to her arguments. The youth whom she loved so well was a stranger in the neighbourhood, and strange reports were abroad as to the means of supporting the dignity he assumed. He was banished from the castle, and the lady, under parental pressure, gave her hand to the unloved rival. On the day of their nuptials, a gay party issued from the castle gates for a ride around the wide domains. A sumptuous banquet in honour of the occasion waited their return—but they came not. Night succeeded day—but they came not. The old man agonized with gloomy forebodings ; dispatched messenger after messenger in quest of the bridal party : but they returned as they went.



At early dawn renewed search was made, when the whole of the bridal party were found dead in Pinkynsleugh, a short distance from the castle. They had been surprised by a band of freebooters, headed by the discarded lover of the youthful bride. In the attack a fatal shaft, glancing aside, pierced the fair one, and numbered her with the slain. It is said the bandit, enraged at her loss, and maddened with grief, put an end to his existence. The old man lived in loneliness, and lived to repent his rule over the affections of his daughter.

Ladye Jane, she hes gaen to the wood,—  
The flowers are fair, an' the trees are green ;  
Ladye Jane, she hes gaen to the wood ;  
O she is bonny, an' she is good ;  
May ill be far frae the gentle queen !

Ladye Jane, she hes gaen to the wood,—  
Her laugh rings out on the summer air ;  
Ladye Jane, she hes gaen to the wood,—  
Sweet are the hours o' maidenhood—  
Hours that border the land o' care.

Ladye Jane, she hes come to the wood ;  
O, an' her heart it is beating sair ;  
Ladye Jane, she hes come to the wood,—  
Sweet are the pleasures o' maidenhood,—  
A lover woos, an' his words are fair.

His words are fair, an' his heart is true ;—  
    Why pales the cheek o' the blooming May?  
His words are fair, an' his heart is true ;  
Why bids the ladye a sad adieu?—  
    An angry father he comes that way.

. . . . .

In his castle sits Featherstonhau' ;  
    The night is come, an' the hour is late ;  
It troubl'd him sair the sight he saw,  
That midsummer day i' Pinkynscleu',  
    When coo'd his doo wi' an unco mate.

“Shall it be said that an unco chiel,  
    Weds the daughter o' Featherstonhau' ?  
It never shall be, so help me deil !  
An' work me woe, or yet work me weel,  
    The thing is sma' if I hae my crow !”

The Ladye Jane, she hes sought her room—  
    She hes sought her bed, but sleepeth naen ;  
Her father's ha' is a living tomb,  
There fa's on her heart a killing gloom,  
    An' sad, I ween, is that ladye's naen :

“Wae is me that thi’ day I should see !  
My heart is harried o’ ane sae dear ;  
Fain would I flee, deide mother, to thee,  
An’ hae the comfort thy lips can gie ;—  
I carry a cross it’s hard to bear.”

“I hae gold, an’ it canna be told ;  
A beild I hae ’at marrows thy ain ;  
An’ I am a man can keep his hold,  
Against the coming o’ foeman bold ;—  
I ask the han’ o’ the Ladye Jane.”

Featherstonhau’ he hes heard the plea ;—  
He gies the han’ o’ the Ladye Jane ;  
But reckons not he the miserie—  
Comes to the heart o’ the sweet ladye,  
Nor reckons the hour ’ill work him pain.

The haughty baron hes had his say ;—  
A wedded wife is the Ladye Jane ;  
An’ she wi’ her lord rides out that day,—  
Rides out wi’ her lord an’ maidens gay,—  
Rides out, but niver to ride again.

. . . . .  
—  
“Gae flee my arrow, an’ speak my heart—  
Gae tell the thief he mun answer gie!”  
The wedded lord he hes felt its smart!  
But playeth the shaft a double part—  
It strikes the heart o’ the sweet ladye!

It strikes the heart o’ the sweet ladye,  
An’ death hes ane o’ the fairest fair:  
“Sweet heart! I dee for the love o’ thee!”  
His steel strikes deep, an’ his blood rins free,—  
An’ lies i’ the sun a ghastly pair.

The Lady Jane, she is sleeping noo,  
An’ sleep her lord an’ her maidens gay;  
An’ sleeps the lover, to her sae true:—  
An old man lives, an’ hes time to rue,  
That iver his heart had said its say.

## THE ILL-MATCHED PAIR.

Knarsdale Hall, the property of John George Frederick Hope Wallace, Esq., is situated in the extensive parish of Knarsdale, and in the extreme south-west corner of the county of Northumberland. It is on the main road between Alston and Haltwhistle, and about six miles from the former and seven from the latter. Its site is on a proud natural knoll between the Thinhope burn, and the South Tyne, and defended by steep banks. It has been cut off from the adjoining hill by a very deep and wide trench, and was surrounded by a moat. The house is vaulted, and was no doubt at one time a place of considerable strength and importance. Connected with it is a legend somewhat as follows.

A laird of Knarsdale married, against her inclinations, a lady of great wealth and beauty, the disparity of age forming the ground of her objection, he being several years her senior. For some time they lived unhappily together, but after a period the lady appeared contented with her home. This arose, not from a growth of love to her husband, but the entertainment of a passion for the nephew of the laird, who, with a niece, his sister, had become guests at the castle. On this young man the unhappy lady had fixed her affections, and a criminal intercourse was the result. At length the sister of her paramour accidentally met with a convincing proof of their guilt, and consequent disgrace of the family. The maiden determined upon concealing the matter, lest her *brother should suffer*; but, as might be expected, the guilty

pair could not rely upon her secrecy, and so determined to add the sin of murder to that already committed. An opportunity soon offered. It was a stormy night; the wind shrieked through the old castle, and the heavy rain added its voice to the storm. The wife called her husband's notice to an open door which was being driven backward and forward, and besought him to send his niece to secure it. He knowing the difficulty of the task, and not wishing to trouble the girl, argued against the step; but at length, to please his lady, he yielded to her request. According to arrangement, the brother waited her coming; and, on nearing the spot, she was clutched by him, and thrown into the pond and drowned. Stung by remorse, he abruptly left the neighbourhood, and sailed the sea in quest of peace. The lady was seized with fever, and in delirium divulged the secret! The laird survived his wife, and lived to repent of the part he had taken.

The laird hes wedded a winsome May,  
Hes wedded an' brought her heame;  
Dree is his step, an' his locks are grey;  
"God pity the man!" the neebors say,—  
"He brings to his heide a keame!"

The laird hes wedded a winsome May,  
Hes wedded her 'gainst her will;  
He mebbe may live to rue the day;—  
A lady's heart it will hae its say,  
An' youth will be youthfu' still.

The ladye, she is a petted deame ;  
An' a doating carl is he ;  
Sae theirs is niver a pleasant heame ;  
Full sune she 'ginneth to ply the keame,  
An' plieth it weel, doth she.

"Nae body wad live i' this dull hoose !—  
Nae body wad live but me ;  
Nae companie here to flay a moose ;  
It minds me I am a silly goose,—  
A silly auld gander he !"

The laird, he hes brought into his ha',  
The sweetest o' companie,—  
O' gentlesse, an' o' ladyes braw ;  
But ane is there is sweeter than a',  
Is lo'ed by the faire ladye.

The ladye, she lo'es her lord's kinsman,  
Wi' bosom a-glow wi' sin ;  
The ladye, she lo'es her lord's kinsman ;—  
O merrilie noo the moments gan' :  
It's love 'at can gar them spin.

Noo hae the moments a merry rin,  
An' life it gangs pleasantlie :  
An' sae is the gude man pleased to fin',  
His wife taks up wi' the auld biggin',  
An' is what a wife sud be.

The kinsman chiel hes a fair sister,—  
An' as gude as gude can be ;  
This sweet sister she is made aware,  
The castle it hods a sinfu' pair,—  
An' ane is her ain billie.

This ladye, she walks the castle stair,  
Sair troubl'd sec thing sud be ;  
An' she hes startl'd the sinfu' pair,—  
Hes startl'd the demon in his lair,—  
An' noo for her life mun flee.

“Thy faire sister she is noo aware  
O' the love a-tween us twee ;  
Her saintly presence I canna bear ;  
Sae gif ye hae for my peace a care,  
Rid me o' her companie !”

“As gude as she's fair is my sister,  
An' cruel the boon ye crave ;  
But gif it will please my ladye faire,  
I'll steal the life o' the sweet creetur,  
An' lay her i' watery grave !”

. . . . .



“Hear ye the sough o’ the wind, gude man?—  
The clink o’ the open door?  
To bar the door, let ye’re proud niece gan ;  
At usefu’ wark let her try her han’—  
She niver hes wrought afore !”

“To sen’ her’oot i’ the deid o’ night,  
Wad be a sheame an’ a sin ;  
Her startie heart it wad break wi’ fright ;  
But gif it wad gie my wife delight,  
I’ll gar her gan’ stop the din !”

He calleth her frae her bed-chamber,  
He waketh her frae her sleep :  
“Gae bar the door o’ the outer stair !”  
O, cruel the han’s that wait her there,—  
They plunge her i’ water deep.

“To ilka ane o’ my cruel kin,  
I reade me a prophecie :  
My ladye sall hae a madden’d brain ;  
My laird he sall hae a keen heart-pain ;  
My brither sall sail the sea !”



MALINA JONES.

**M**ALINA was a kitchen maid,  
In "merrie Carlisle" city ;  
And she, like all unmarried girls,  
Was young, and also pretty.

But gentlemen were blind to this,—  
No one with her engages ;  
And so, in single blessedness,  
She lives,—and saves her wages.

Long had she sigh'd for one to share  
With her, her bread and honey ;—  
In other words—to taste with her,  
The sweets of matrimony.

To say she never lovers had,  
Would be a lie outspoken ;  
But they had made their promises—  
Like pie crusts—to be broken.

But fair Malina yet had hopes—  
And what young maiden has not?—  
Of changing Miss for Missus, and  
Becoming wife, and—what not?

'T would happen as she mov'd about,  
Amongst her delf and china,  
From off the shelf would come the taunt :  
“You're on the shelf, Malina !”

'Twas then my lady would indulge :  
“ If cups and saucers marrow,—  
Why may not Miss Malina Jones,  
Be mated some to-morrow ? ”

Malina, she was twenty-five ;  
She was—no one did doubt it ;  
She was, when I was—never mind,  
We'll say no more about it ;—

But only this : she single was,  
And in the “merrie city” :  
Had men forgotten they were men?—  
Had they for maids no pity?

Malina now is drinking tea,  
With one a little older ;  
Whose palm she's “cross'd” with silver coin,  
To have her fortune told her.

“A lucky cup ; and reads it well—  
A courtship and a wedding ;—  
A honeymoon—the journey home—  
At home—and no tear-shedding.

“The husband—such a nice young man !  
A little under fifty ;—  
Whisker'd,—manners gentlemanly,—  
Of business habits—thrifty.”

And more she said ;—this something more  
We leave unto your guessing ;  
Enough—Miss Jones was satisfied,  
And gave the dame her blessing.

To bed she goes, but not to sleep ;  
Her heart is so elated ;  
The wish'd for morrow dawns at length,—  
Already she is mated.

And so we find her up betimes,  
For hope has made her active ;  
And she has doff'd her lilac gown,  
For garment more attractive.

“I'm in the market, and must dress,  
As servants do who hire !  
Who knows but that some gentleman  
May see me, and admire.”

It happen'd so : Malina, she  
Was brushing the door scraper,  
When by there came a gentleman,  
Whose looks did not escape her.

He whisker'd was—good manners had,—  
Was what the dame had told her ;  
She look'd and blush'd,—he smil'd—and she  
Became composed, and bolder.

“Good morning, Sir !” Malina said ;  
“Good morning !” said the stranger ;  
“Malina Jones !” Malina sobb'd—  
“The dog is in the manger !”

This spake she of Miss Ido Pyne,  
Her Missus, who was single ;  
But she obey'd her cruel call,  
With kitchen work to mingle.

She sulk'd with Missus all the day ;  
She thought it cruel of her,  
To call her, when the gentleman  
Was growing to a lover.

That very night, at Number Two,  
When Missus sleep was taking,  
Two lovers in the kitchen sat,  
Love to each other making.

The lady was Malina Jones,—  
All interference scorning ;  
The gentleman, the nice young man,  
The stranger of the morning.

No doubt they have a pleasant time,  
Alone with one another ;  
They have to eat,—have converse sweet,—  
No Missus near to bother.

We leave them to their pleasant chat,  
And to their coffee-sipping ;  
Reminded that, 'twixt cup and lip,  
There oftentimes is slipping.

A month has gone. We have a day  
Of leisure in the city ;  
To wile the weary hours away,  
We 'tend the sessions "petty."

The Mayor is in the city chair,  
And holds his high position ;  
And interested citizens  
Await his wise decision.

A stir is made : a lady comes  
Into the court a-sobbing :—  
"A gentleman came courting me,—  
It ended in his robbing !"

My eyes beheld Malina Jones ;  
She sobb'd as if she meant it :  
Our worthy Mayor was in his chair,—  
Malina's tongue it went it :—

“The good-for-nothing fellow ! he  
His hand to me did proffer ;  
And like a silly maiden, I  
Accepted of his offer.

“I thought he would have married me ;  
'Twas so she read my fortune,—  
Old Margery,—that day at tea ;—  
I read it now—misfortune.

“‘Whisker'd—manners gentlemanly,'—  
He answer'd this description ;  
I saw him,—blush'd ; he smil'd, and I  
No longer felt restriction ;

“But said to him, ‘Good morning, Sir !  
‘Good morning !’ said he kindly ;  
That night he came a-courting me,—  
I lov'd him well, but blindly.

“He got my money, promising  
To put our house in order ;  
He play'd his trick,—he cut his stick,—  
He cut it o'er the border.

“And now—oh dear!—this news I hear,  
It does my head bewilder!  
He is—he is a married man!  
And has a lot o’ childer.

“Your Worship, now, a father is :  
As such should show me pity ;  
Help me to catch the cruel wretch,  
And send him off to ‘Kitty.’”

The worthy Mayor sat in his chair,  
And spake he like a father :  
“I pity you ;—am sorry, too,  
To say I blame you rather.

“You acted wrong in having gone  
To get your fortune told you ;  
It set your heart to play a part  
A maiden never ought to.

“A female, to accost a male,  
Was anything but pretty ;  
Especially when that male was  
A stranger in the city.

“It seems to me, Malina Jones,  
Had Madge not told your fortune,  
You never would have lover lost—  
Have never known misfortune.



“The fellow, he may go ‘scot free,’  
There is no law for lovers ;  
One gives, one takes—loves or forsakes ;  
This love it all things suffers.”

Thus ends my tale. Unmarried girls,  
In Carlisle city dwelling ;  
I counsel you—mind what you do :  
Beware of FORTUNE TELLING !

## I LOVE THE FLOWERS.

I love the flowers,—the many flowers  
That in our lanes and meadows grow ;  
Were you to ask, 'twould be a task  
To tell you why I love them so.

I am not young ! yet eagerly  
I climb the primrose-dotted hill ;  
The woodbine wreath and daisy crown  
Possess their charm and beauty still.

I love the flowers,—the woodland flowers  
For they to me are golden keys,  
Which ope the rusty gates of life,  
And lead to sunny memories.

What do I see?—A summer day,—  
A rainbow hanging in the sky,—  
A cottage home, and in the lane  
A school-boy mates the butterfly.

What do I see?—Recall thy dreams,—  
The dreams to thee so heavenly,  
Thou hast the shadows of the scenes,  
Those floral artists picture me.

## THE OWL.

“What need we with song?”  
Quoth old Sir Owl,  
With somewhat of croak,  
And somewhat of growl,  
Which startled the whole  
Of the jubilant fowl  
Away to their homes in the hollows :  
“What need we with song?”  
This, all day long.

The musical birds  
Were struck with the words  
Of the boisterous one ;  
They had felt that to sing  
Was a beautiful thing !  
Than let it alone  
They could sooner lose wing.

“That music is good,  
No one can deny ;  
Then, wherefore that cry  
From echoing wood?”

And answer came thus :  
“Soon kindles our ire,  
When that to admire  
Is wanting in us.”

## COULTHARD.

“Measured by actual worth, by real good done, by obstacles surmounted, by native vigour and nobility of character making themselves felt in every sphere of duty, by the amount of useful work accomplished, by the respect and affection won of all sides throughout a lengthened and most useful and laborious career, there is no name which deserves to stand higher in the list of Cumberland worthies than that of Joseph Coulthard.”—*Carlisle Journal*.

He shall not die. The man, who gave  
 His life in labour for our good,  
 Shall speak a language, understood,  
 When generations pass the grave.

The worker rests. He scattered seed  
 Upon the waters of the mind :  
 We, in this summer land shall find,  
 Bread that shall nerve for noble deed.

A leader he ! To fairer lands  
He led the wavering, doubting soul :  
Himself possessor of the goal,  
He waits to greet his faithful bands.

Our teacher lives. The grateful heart  
Shall mark the spot where he has been,  
To keep his memory ever green,  
Shall seek the aid of mighty art.

Coulthard will live. When we shall sleep,  
And strangers tread our busy street,  
Soul-stirring words shall he repeat,  
Although his lips in silence keep.

RHYMING TALK FOR LITTLE FOLK  
 "DASH."

What thought possesses neighbour John  
 This question is my grasp defying :  
 He hurries through the morning fog,—  
 He holds in chain a barking dog,—  
 Now to a tree that dog is tying.

It cannot be he means to flog  
 The creature for its noisy barking ;—  
 For often have I heard it "bow,"  
 Intent on "kicking up a row,"  
 Its master only call'd it larking.

It cannot be he fears its flight ;  
 He knows the little rascal better ;  
 Dash has a trick worth two of that,  
 And manages to "save his fat,"—  
 Leaves hunting to the hound and setter.



Had it a name for naughty tricks,—  
Was John, my neighbour, cruel-hearted,  
I wouldn't wonder half so much ;  
Their reputation is not such,—  
If such the question had not started.

The town is but a mile away ;  
Yet distance grows to him that tarries :  
I bid good bye, to dog and man,—  
Dash makes the best of it he can—  
His master labours in the quarries.

I reach my home by breakfast time,—  
The better for my early rising ;  
But 'twixt my muffin and my cup,  
Both man and dog keep popping up,—  
An hour passes in surmising.

'Tis all in vain !—I give it up ;  
The thing no more my mind shall bother :  
I take my hat, and seek the street,—  
When, face to face, whom should I meet !—  
But Nancy Brown, my neighbour's mother.

Now, Nancy, bless her, has a heart  
Keeps beating love to every creature !  
It does you good—her honest face ;  
And pleasant labour, 'tis to trace,  
Benevolence in every feature.



'Twas said by those who knew her well,  
 To trade with Nancy was a pleasure :  
 In her was truth and justice wed,—  
 The lady boasted "Bran'ton bred,"—  
 In dealings practised "Hexham measure."

With such a mistress—such a home,  
 You may be sure Dash was no rover :  
 Like other dogs, he had "his beat,"  
 Heard carping puppies in the street,  
 Rehearse the lingo : "Dash in clover !"

I'm face to face with Nancy Brown !—  
 My lady's eyes are red with crying ;  
 Her tongue is running at its will,—  
 Its burden this : "Poor Dash is ill !"  
 To Nancy this is very trying.

"Poor Dash is ill ! poor Dash is ill !  
 The best of meat to him is physic ;  
 His appetite would baffle cook,  
 Though deeply read in Soyer's book,—  
 My dog would treat his mess as physic :

"Poor Dash is ill ! poor Dash is ill !"  
 Again the story is repeated :  
 To many sweet and winning ways,  
 Of doggy in his puppy days,—  
 To Dash's history I am treated.

But then the question comes again :

What thought possesses John, my neighbour?  
Why does he tie unto the tree  
The little dog, while cheerfully  
Returns he to his daily labour?

Was Dash a dog of naughty tricks?—

Or was his master cruel-hearted?  
I wouldn't wonder half so much,—  
Their reputation is not such—  
If such the question had not started.

My business calls me up the street ;

I leave poor Nancy to her fretting :  
The morning question quits its hold,  
A pleasant game is, "bought and sold,"  
I take my turn at money-getting.

And when again I see my friend,

I see her looking very happy ;  
And little doggy, too, is there,  
He has of happiness a share,  
And frisk he is, as pitman's "Cappy."

And Nancy's tongue is running wild :

"Our John is kind, and he is clever !  
My dog was ill, and couldn't eat,  
But cured now, it takes its meat,  
With appetite as good as ever."

Friend John is laughing in his chair,—  
And now is talking like a preacher :  
"The dog was better fed than taught,  
But now is to its senses brought,—  
O hunger is an able teacher !

"Tether'd a day in yonder wood,—  
Without a crust or bone to pick at,—  
Good physic was, to saucy dog ;—  
And now its little tail 'ill wag,  
At sight of skilly, scrap, or biscuit !"

RHYMING TALK FOR LITTLE FOLK :  
"FIP-PENCE."

Pride need but ask ; and its demands  
Find answer in our open hands ;  
While other creditors are met  
With epithet, "A greedy set !"  
It finds a ready compliment,  
For every encouragement.

To spin the thought : It might be told,  
How many buyers have been sold ;—  
How those who sought publicity,  
Have found the purchase vanity ;—  
While others, greedy of a name,  
Have come to poverty and shame.

But here we stop. Our pen shall show  
How pride 's influence may throw  
Around the youthful and the fair,  
And thus entrap them unaware.

A country Miss we introduce ;  
 ("A nice young lady," if you choose,)   
 Possessed of beauty and of means,  
 Passing the bound'ry of her teens ;  
 Of person and attainments vain,—  
 A queen ambitious to reign.

Mamma has given up the keys ;  
 And, dangle the appendages,  
 From banded waste of hopeful Miss,  
 Creating notes melodious ;  
 Prophetic, as they rattle on,  
 As Bow Bells were to Whittington.

Prosperity is in her reign ;  
 Which makes our lady doubly vain :  
 We see it in her daily walk,—  
 We hear it in her daily talk,—  
 The language of her life is this :—  
 Flattery is happiness.

And flattery is given her :  
 But she is none the happier,  
 For all the lip artillery ;—  
 It but inflames her vanity ;  
 But comes a thought that promises  
 A goodly crop of luxuries :

“I have the praise for ruling well !  
And side-long looks and glances tell,  
For etiquette I may compare  
With any of our local fair ;—  
I’ll mingle with society,  
And speak superiority !”

’Tis market day : Miss takes the chance,  
Her darling project to advance :  
Her golden butter loads the shelf—  
She’ll take and market it herself,  
And thus increase of honour get,  
For management and etiquette.

Her maids are hurrying up and down,  
In preparation for the town ;  
Who pledge to be in readiness,  
When she arrays in market dress.

But Miss is fronted with the task—  
What must I for my butter ask ?  
The numericals she plays upon,  
Assail her ear with vulgar tone,—  
Her pretty mouth disfigure quite,  
Consulted mirror whispers—“fright.”

But now she makes a happy choice—  
*Fip-pence*, admits a pleasant voice ;  
 The while, the syllables escape,  
 Her pretty mouth is kept in shape ;—  
 Anon she joins the market folk,  
 With satisfaction in her walk !

The market bell with saucy toss,  
 Has summoned traders to the cross ;  
 Butter which boasts a golden hue,  
 Lies open to the public view ;—  
 And matrons, seeking a supply,  
 Presume the right to "taste and buy."

Our lady's butter, with the rest,  
 Must undergo the market test :  
 She hears escape from one and all,  
 The exclamation, "beautiful !"   
 And flatter'd, speaks with voice precise,  
 To those who ask her butter's price.

The price to them so odd appears,  
 They one and all mistrust their ears :  
 But comes a trader wide-awake,  
 Whose business ears may not mistake ;—  
 He marks a stranger on the stand,  
 And notices her glittering hand.



"What dost the' ask for t' butter, Miss?"  
She with a voice melodious,  
Gives answer: "Fip-pence, if you please!"  
Nor is he slow the prize to seize:  
Proudly he bears his golden freight,  
And Miss returns with pocket light!

## THE RENWICK BAT.

In Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, a writer on Renwick, says: "All the proprietors pay a prescription in lieu of tithes except the owner of one estate, John Tallentyre, of Scale Houses, who has a total exemption, derived from a circumstance which happened about 200 years ago." (Hutchinson's History was published 1794.) He considers the circumstance too ridiculous to be rehearsed or credited, and only refers to it by stating: "The ancient possessor is said to have slain a noxious cockatrice, which the vulgar call a *crack-a-christ* at this day as they relate the simple fable." He further adds: "There is some record said to be dated 7th James I., which the owner of the estate holds to testify this exemption, perhaps in a language or letter not to be understood by the villagers, and which he is too tenacious to suffer to be read by curious visitors." In reference to this, Mr. T. J. Dryden, of Renwick, writes me: "I was puzzled when I came to Renwick to know how it was that Mr. Tallentyre's land was all freehold. 'Renwick Bat' explains the affair. I have, when making out the Church rates, allowed sixpence out of the rate as a means to keep the right." This is the tradition: The old Church of Renwick being in a ruinous state, the parishioners decided upon erecting a new one on its site; but on pulling down the

walls, they were startled by a hideous monster, which flew amongst the ruins. The people were filled with terror, and abandoned the work ; but one more courageous than the rest, John Tallentyre, armed himself with a rowantree bough and led his retreating neighbours to combat, and succeeded in destroying the monster. For this act his estate was enfranchised to him and his heirs for ever. From this incident the parishioners are vulgarly called "Renwick Bats."

"The building is old ;  
We need for our flock an enjoyable fold !"  
Thus reasoned the priest of the parish, I'm told,  
In Renwick, that day  
The Church had shown symptoms of passing away.

"The old one is small,—  
A larger we build, or we build not at all ;—  
The parish demands there be sittings for all,  
And so there shall be !"  
His words are prophetic, our readers shall see.

No time to be lost !—  
A meeting is called to consider the cost,—  
A vestry meeting :—the priest at his post—  
Exhibits his plan ;  
*The people, delighted, agree to a man.*

Remember, we write  
Of times when brethren lov'd to unite;—  
When the Church of the parish was called a  
delight,—  
Ere schism took stand,—  
And Chapels were places unknown in the land.

The object was good :  
Now the question was this :  
“ Which site is the best,  
For the new edifice ? ”

The agèd gave answer :—  
“ The old is the best ;—  
Where worshipp'd our Fathers,  
We too shall find rest ! ”

The agèd gave answer :—  
“ The old is the best ;—  
Where sleep our fathers,  
We too shall find rest ! ”

The thought we admire ;  
For sure the desire  
Is worthy the teaching  
Of parson or friar.

“The work shall be done!”  
Is said by each one :—  
Is said by the father—  
Is said by the son.

And now it remains  
To tell, what befell,  
The good Renwick people,  
That day that the steeple,  
Like thunder-bolt fell.

The Renwick men were merry when  
The walls began to tumble ;  
But soon they stay their pleasant play,—  
A something makes them grumble.

But what that is, a question is,  
'Ill take some time to answer ;—  
'Twas said by some—the de'il had come,  
And turned necromancer.

'Tis here !—now there !—and seems the air,  
Like wind-mill sails a-flying ;—  
What may the dread disturber be—  
Interrogo defying?

“Enough to make a parson swear!”  
The Renwick priest asserted;  
His men in fright had taken flight,—  
He found himself deserted.

And added he: “’Tis plain to see,  
The thing is of the Devil!”  
This spake he of the enemy—  
(A priest can be uncivil.)

He next address’d in tones the best,  
His clerk, John Tallentyre:—  
“Scriptures declare, ‘The labourer  
Is worthy of his hire.’

“And so the man who from this ban,  
The parish shall deliver;  
Shall have his fee;—and that shall be,  
From tithes be freed for ever.”

Delighted is John Tallentyre,—  
Now profit waits his labour;  
He seeks the foe with rowan bough,  
And mans each friend and neighbour.

Now nerv’d they march to Renwick Church,  
And John, he deals a winner!  
The monster falls! Aloud he bawls:—  
“A bat! as I’m a sinner!”

## ERIC, THE RUSSIAN SLAVE.

The story of Eric, the Russian slave, is well-known. The ride over the frozen snow—the pursuit of the hungry wolves—the stratagem to beat them off—the loss of the foremost horses—the sacrifice of the brave servant—and the escape of the baron and his family, have often been graphically told.

The sun hath set ! but hope burns bright,  
Within the traveller's breast ;  
The distance, and the coming night,  
Are lost beneath its cheering light,—  
It speaks of home and rest.

“Wolves are abroad, by hunger led,  
Be wise and wait the day !”  
The host may spare his words of dread,  
The manly heart to danger bred,  
Has yet to know dismay.

Brave Eric waits his master's will,  
With reins and whip in hand :  
"Away !" The horses skip the hill,  
Their merry hoofs ring loud and shrill,  
Upon the icy land !

But high above the horses' beat,  
Is heard the howling pack !  
The Baron cries :—"Our horses fleet,  
Shall yet the grisly monsters cheat !"   
But they are on the track !

They nearer come !—their flashing eyes—  
Roll on,—a flood of fire !  
From Eric's hand a message flies,  
The forest rings with dying cries !  
The living waves retire.

Not long their stay !—the hungry pack,  
Made savage by defeat,—  
Is once again upon the track—  
O for a hand to hold them back !  
Eric, thy deed repeat !

'Tis vain ! The hungry wolves rush on—  
Till felt their killing breath !  
"Save ! Eric, save !" The faithful one  
Has heard the cry,—a steed has gone,  
To stay the march of death.



It dies !—and yet another dies—  
And still the monsters come !  
“Save ! Eric, save !” The friend replies—  
Into the living flood he flies !—  
A flash, and all is gloom.

. . . . .

To-day a monument appears,  
Upreared by weeping eyes ;—  
Engraven with a sacred verse,\*  
Which speaks to English travellers,  
Of Eric's sacrifice.

\* Grateful for the marvellous sacrifice of himself which this Russian slave had made, his noble master reared a cross on the place where Eric fell, bearing, to this day, the inscription, from Scripture, which many travellers read with weeping eyes : “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

## THE OLD CHURCH.

A mile away from our busy town,  
Leaving the valley, the old church stands,—  
Over the green graves looking down,  
Holding a cross in its stony hands.

Fancy pictures that building grey,  
An olden friar in ragged gown ;  
Turning from life and its toys away,  
Staying his hopes on a heavenly crown.

We seek that church on the green hill side,  
Not as our sires in olden times,—  
To take to our hearts a blushing bride,  
To make confession of faults and crimes.

We seek it now in the hour of loss,  
When death has left us the vacant chair ;  
That olden church with the lifted cross,  
Guards the beds of our sleeping fair.

The old Church is situated about a mile north-west of Brampton, on a fine knoll on the banks of the river Irthing. Nicolson and Burn tell us it is dedicated to St. Martin, and at the foundation of Lanercost was given by Robert-de-Villibus to that house, and soon after appropriated. About the year 1220, Hugh, Bishop of Carlisle, endowed it with the whole altarage, and the tithes, oblations, and obventions belonging to the said altarage, and the lands with the tithes which appertained to the Church. After the dissolution of the religious houses, this Church, with the advowson thereof, was granted (amongst the other possessions of the Priory of Lanercost) to Sir Thomas Dacre, Senior Knight, and is now the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle.

No part of the old Church remains except the chancel, where the burial service is usually performed, several families continuing to be interred there with their ancestors. The materials of the old Church were used in rebuilding the chapel which was attached to the hospital in the town of Brampton, where parochial duty is now performed. The New Church was consecrated in 1789 by Bishop Douglas.

Tradition supplies us with additional information. We are told St. Martin (to whose memory the old Church is dedicated) was one of three Roman missionaries, his companions being Cosi and James. The friends separating, St. Martin settled in this neighbourhood, Cosi and James visiting Penrith and that district. An old oak tree was pointed out as the preaching stand of this early Christian teacher; but about sixty years ago this relic was unfortunately ordered to be cut down by a woodwarden, named Berry, who was ignorant of its traditional associations. This tree, which was situated at Oak Hirst, is supposed to have fronted an oak forest. Hirst is a Saxon word, signifying near,—hence by Oak-hirst we understand this forest was near to the Roman camp, remains of which have frequently been discovered. Here was erected

the edifice which was to perpetuate the memory of St. Martin. It is difficult to state the exact date of St. Martin's missionary labour; but in all probability it would be about the latter end of the fourth century, as the Romans were withdrawn from Britain, by command of Honorius, to defend their own ancient city in the year 410.

**"THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF."**

"Thy neighbour as thyself"—so reads the law:  
Imperative the voice, the voice of God ;  
Impossible the task !—the heart rebels,—  
Summonses to arms the slumbering lusts,  
And battles for the interests of self.  
"My yoke is easy and my burthen light ;"  
I come to Thee and find it even so :  
I feel the gentle flowings of Thy love,  
Moving to sweet obedience my will,  
And making me, though weak, a bearing branch,  
Like to the grafted tree that buddeth forth,  
And opes its blossom to the kiss of May,  
I rise to hold sweet fellowship with Thee,  
And bear the promise of the better life.

“INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT TO  
THE LEAST OF THESE.”

The gift was small—a penny, or less,  
Yet not so small that it could not bless ;  
It fell at the feet of a little child,  
In a crowded street when the day was wild ;  
And its cry was hush'd, and where tears had stray'd,  
Fairy smiles in their sweetness play'd.

The gift was small ! but she that gave,  
Had found it hard that little to save ;  
Born to toil for the scanty meal,  
She yet had heart for another to feel ;  
Her deed in heaven was understood,  
And of her 'twas said, “She hath done what she  
could.”

122      "INASMUCH AS YE HAVE DONE IT."

O, faithful soul, in this gift, I see  
The widow's mite in the treasury ;  
A little while, and the end hath come,  
Thou shalt welcome find to the better home,—  
Again shalt behold thy charity,  
Stamped with the character, "Done unto me."

## THE BLIND BOY PREACHER.

They told us he was born blind,—  
 The boy we look'd upon ;  
 {His home was the asylum,—  
 He was a widow's son.)  
 The youth stood listening the while,  
 And met us with a saintly smile.

He won our admiration !  
 The Book was by his side ;  
 He heard our lavish praises,  
 With deep and humble pride :  
 His teacher questions, and receives  
 Apt answers from the sacred leaves.

We gently smooth his flaxen locks,  
 And give him of our tears ;  
 He preaches resignation,  
 To us of older years :  
 "Even so, Father !" Lo ! we find  
 Christ giveth sight unto the blind.



## T' AULD WIFE'S REASON.

Yen cannot stur a foot frae heame,  
 Yen cannot sell nor buy,  
 But t' auld wife meets yen feace to feace,  
 An' asks yen t' reason why ;  
 But, bliss ye !—pay her back wi' t' coin,  
 An' this is what ye git :  
 “Sec hoosehold gear a feul may wear,  
 But *me* it doesn't fit !”

Dea what she may, yen munnet say,  
 Why dud t'e this, or that ?  
 If sae, ye'll rue,—the saucy shrew  
 'Ill gie ye tit for tat.  
 To-day she dud a silly trick,  
 I ask'd her why she dud ;  
 An' t' reason that my lady gev'  
 Was : “ Feul ! because *I dud !*”

She fit-ful is as t' weather-cock,  
Noo that way, an' noo this;  
At times she jwokes like other fwokes,  
At times tak's a' amiss.  
She tak's a notion iv her heid :—  
“I'll dea it; yes, I wull!”  
What for? my lady's reason is—  
“Thoo feul! because *I wull!*”

She's purpos'd lang to hev a week  
At t' sea-side, or at t' wells;  
I tell her t' season's gittin' on,  
An' we mun stur oorsels.  
Git riddy, lass! git riddy, lass!  
She answers, “Huts! I'll nut!”  
What for? my lady's reason is—  
“Thoo feul! because *I'll nut!*”

Yen cannot stur a foot frae heame,  
Yen cannot sell nor buy,  
But t' auld wife meets yen feace to feace,  
An' asks yen t' reason why;  
But, bliss ye!—pay her back wi' t' coin,  
An' this is what ye git:  
“Sec hoosehold gear a feul may wear,  
But *me* it doesn't fit!”

**THE RICH AND THE POOR ARE A-KIN.**

To-day we may equal a king—  
To-morrow, our boast may be gone ;  
Earth's glories are aye on the wing,  
And fortune is constant to none.

Then let us remember in life,  
The poor and the rich are a-kin ;  
We hold our little by strife,  
To-morrow another may win.

The strong one a stronger may meet,  
The swift may be tripp'd and come down,  
The lofty may fall from his seat,  
The monarch be eased of his crown. •  
Then let us, &c.

One numbers more pelf than the rest ;  
He's not a bit better for that !  
A *heart* may be hid by a vest,—  
A *head* may be hid by a hat.  
Then let us, &c.

We look upon man as a man,  
Nor reckon of riches nor birth ;  
For be he a white or a tan,  
His doings must settle his worth.  
Then let us, &c.

Let us act as a brother to all,  
Ourselves needing that which we give ;  
The man of the hut or the hall,  
As mendicants ever must live.  
Then let us, &c.

“TOO CLEVER BY HALF.”

You'd better be class'd with the “nothings,”  
Be treated each day to “the laugh,”  
Receive “the cold shoulder” and scoffings,  
Than reckon'd—“too clever by half!”

You'd better be “slow in your movements,”  
In reasonings, “empty as chaff,”  
Be short of “scholastic improvements,”  
Than reckon'd—“too clever by half!”

You'd better “go down” in the world,  
Lose caste, and be label'd “a waif,”  
Than have at your character hurl'd  
The stigma—“too clever by half!”

## PURPOSE.

We are not men of giant size,  
But we have strength of will ;  
And in the fight may cope with might,—  
The steady hand can kill.

We fear not the Philistine foe !  
With pebble and with sling,  
We'll take the field 'gainst sword and shield,  
And down the boaster bring.

We'll face the foe ! be what it may,  
Be it of men or creed ;  
The wrong shall reel, a holy zeal  
Shall nerve us for the deed.

Our life's a battle and a race,  
And we must up and claim ;  
The road is long, and foes are strong,  
But fortune crowns our aim.

We are not swift ! What matters it ?  
We'll hold our steady pace ;  
The tortoise was victorious  
When "puss" engaged in race.

Not with the strong is victory,  
Nor with the swift success ;  
The constant soul shall reach the goal,  
And shall the good possess.

## T' HEN EGG FOR T' DUCK 'EN.

At back en' o' t' year, when oor nebbor kill'd t' pig,  
 (She nobbet hed yen i' th' styne,)

She sent her lal lad ta oor hoose, an' he sed :

“Please, mudder hes sent ye a fry.”

I kent she was pooar, sae I question'd t' bit lad :—

I'se rich, min, why send it ta me?

“I dunnet know why,” answer'd t' lad, “she gev'  
 t' fry;

It's t' hen egg for t' duck 'en, sed she.”

I teuk t' prisent in, for mair reasons nor yen,—

T' lal lad he was simple and young;

If t' fry I sent back, then his mudder might mak

T' fellow pay for t' slip of his tongue.

She was selfish, nae doot : but, leuk ye aboot,

Mebbe nebbor is nut by hersel' ;

Nine fowk oot o' ten, play at t' game number yen,

An' odduns can tak' a gud spell.



Theer's a dinner on t' way! Invitations hev play,  
 An' t' pooar man he gits a "go-by;"  
 It's better-mer-fowk, 'at may feast till they choke—  
 It's t' hen egg for t' duck 'en, say I.

T' subscription sheet comes! Loavins bliss us, what  
 sums!

Aw t' puns are set off wi' a *ty*;  
 I read owre t' list, *I cou'd speak*, but I'll whisht,—  
 It's t' hen for t' duck 'en, say I.

Theer are mair than nebbor, pooar body, I guess,  
 Whea send oot their dishes o' fry;  
 Theer are some I cou'd neame, an' varra nar heame,  
 Give t' hen egg for the duck 'en, say I.

## THE RIDE TO THE INN.

On Christmas Eve, in the year——THIRTY-NINE,  
 Goose suppers were held up and down through the  
 town—

There was one at “The Crown ;”  
 I remember it well, although young at the time,—  
 I was born in——THIRTY—that made me just NINE:  
 The supper was held by a club meeting there,  
 And was call’d a “wind-up,” when things were made  
 square—

The money divided—if any to spare :

This time I was there ;  
 I went with my Dad, who thought eating no crime,  
 Although church bells were ringing the Christmas  
 chime.

The goose it was tender—the ale it was prime ;  
 Not that I was a judge of the “amber,” you know,  
 But the parties who drank it, they said it was so :

But the supper, my eye !

Forbye

Roast goose, there was giblet pie ;  
And betwixt you and I,  
With knife and with fork, we made the goose fly—  
Though pluck'd, stuff'd, and roasted, the goose was  
made fly.

Will Eatem was there :  
Now Will had an appetite known of as "rare":  
There was "chair," and "vice-chair,"  
And freely we each of us took of the fare ;—  
And when we were done, there was little to spare.

Next follow'd the drinking,  
Of whisky and water ;  
And you, I am thinking,  
Will guess what came arter :—  
Much laughing,  
And chaffing,  
And talking,  
And joking ;  
Some brim full of humour, were very near choking.

Will Eatem, the party I mentioned before,  
Had two or three whiskies—perhaps he had four ;  
At all events, Will was beginning to snore,  
When some one call'd "Peter!" I went to the door ;  
They took me off home,—I remember no more.

The next night at supper (now, this I remember,)  
My Dad he related,  
With spirits elated,  
A trick that was play'd on Will Eatem, the member.

I told you before, Will Eatem did snore ;  
It seems on my leaving he fell on the floor ;  
And now for the joke :  
Said one of the crew : "He's as drunk as a sow,  
Put the brute in a poke !"  
And this they did do with Eatem the member,—  
Over the shoulder away he was carried,—  
And where think you to ?  
A house in the Lonning—the last house but two.

At the time of my story, the hearse was kept there ;  
And here he had lodging, and very cold fare ;—  
Remember 'twas Christmas—the dead of the year.

Untied was the poke !  
Will, sleeping was soundly,  
Was put in the hearse—  
Was tumbl'd in roundly.  
Thus cruelly wedded "for better—for worse,"  
Was Will to "old dingy," the old parish hearse.

Next morning a rider rode into the town,  
Who quickly dismounted and enter'd "The Crown ;"

The key of the hearse house was kept at this inn,  
And that was the reason the rider went in ;—  
Of course he could do with a drop of good gin.

He doesn't delay :—he is up and away,  
The clock has struck eight—the breaking o' day ;  
His horse it is harness'd.—'tis yoked, and away !

'Twas a very cold morning.    "It's very hard earning  
One's money in this world !" utter'd Tim Iver ;  
Now Tim had a crown for the day as a driver.

Not very bad pay : yet he grumbl'd away :  
"What is there worth living for? work and poor pay!  
Better a dead man, than a living, I say."

He passes the Swarthal—  
He nears Quarry Beck ;—  
He thinks of the boggle,—  
His horse is at check !

"Why bless me! the horse it is standing quite still!"  
Uncomfortable very is this to poor Tim—  
For what if the boggle should come and take him !  
What has happen'd the horse? What makes it stand  
still?

The answer is certain to give you the chill ;  
A voice it cries "Whoy !" 'tis sepulchral and shrill ;  
"Whoy !" again, and again.    Tim clutches the rein,  
The horse it is off again going up-hill !

He thinks of his language—his grumbling breath,  
And changes his tune in the presence of death :  
“A dead man ! nay, rather a living, I say,  
Though plenty the labour, and little the pay !”

It wouldn't all do, though much he might rue,  
Of having so grumbl'd ; there still was the hue  
And the cry--“Whoy ! whoy !” There kicking  
was, too ;

And then it bethought him the horse carried two,—  
TIM IVER was one, but the other one—who ?  
Had one come to life ? Did a spirit pursue ?  
He whipt and he shouted, as drivers can do ;  
The poor beast it wonder'd : Whatever to do ?

And what of Will Eatem ? We also cry—what ?  
Sure never a mortal had riding like that :  
If Tim thought a dead man again was alive ;  
Will thought to the grave, sure the driver did drive.  
Shut up in a hearse—was really no farce,  
To him—though to others it was so, of course ;—  
He shouted, and shouted, till tired and hoarse ;—  
No wonder the shouting had frighten'd the horse.

Up hill, and down hill, the horse it went at it ;  
The hearse fairly “stutted,” but driver Tim sat it.  
The shouting it ceased ; but on goes the beast,

With his wonderful load  
 Help'd on by Will's kicking  
 Also by Tim's guard  
 What is that?

The end-board goes "clash" on the road :  
 "Hold on, then, old coacher !—a man overboard !"  
 The voice it was earthy—Tim look'd and he stared,  
 A little bit frighten'd—no wonder, my word ;—  
 A man was behind him, in vulgar words, "floor'd."

But he quieted down, when he saw that in brown  
 Velveteen he was dress'd, not in white like a priest ;  
 While Will gather'd up, from his fortunate slip,  
 From the hearse to the road ;—  
 He was quick in his wits, and he saw how things  
 stood :

And now on the "dicky,"  
 The twosome together,—two birds of a feather,  
 Fly over the road to the "abbey brig en',"  
 And then they go in ;  
 The one has a whisky—the other, a gin ;  
 They take it to strengthen the "creetur" within.  
 We leave them to toast it :  
 "OUR RIDE TO THE INN !"

“WOMAN’S RIGHTS.”

Hail, woman—wife ! first gift of love to man !  
 I bid thee welcome to my heart and home.  
 As thou wert given,—even shalt thou be  
 An helpmeet ! Equal to the task thou art,—  
 Art worthy the companionship of man.  
 I am thy stronger self !—I am thy lord,  
 But not to rule ;—thy senior, to protect.  
 ’Tis written in the Book that knows no change :  
 “And they shall be one flesh.” By God made one,  
 The union none may seek to separate.  
 We will be one : in mind and passion one,  
 In strength and weakness, and in purpose one.  
 Thus shall we share the fortune, good or ill,  
 Which wait us on our journey heavenward.

Now come we to define what task is thine,—  
 What labour may engage thy woman’s heart !  
 For wide the field that calls for active life.  
 Thou art the gentler ! Unto me, be given



What asks for strain of sinew or of brain,—  
But unto thee, the work of comforter.  
Thy hand is cognate to an angel's touch,—  
Thy voice synonymous to song of bird ;  
So art thou fitted, comforter, indeed,  
To him, who toils in weariness of heart,  
Not knowing what shall prosper in his hands.  
One calls thee mother ! 'tis a call to work :  
O happy thou who answer'st to the name,  
The smile of heav'n rests on thee, in thy toil.

Thou would'st do more?—would'st stand and strive  
with men?—  
Would'st in the battle take a leader's part?  
Thy zeal misleads thee ! modesty is thine,—  
And is thy power : By it, dost conquer  
Him, who, by nature, is thy opposite.  
Put boldness on, and thou hast lost thy charm !—  
Man, then, will see in thee a second self,  
And so withhold the worship, erst bestow'd.  
We do not wrong thee, when we bid thee live  
As wife and mother, in thy English home !  
Full well we know the future of our land  
Is with thee : comforter and guide art thou !—  
Maintain thy right ! we would not say thee less ;  
Sway thou the sceptre o'er the heart and home.

## O GOD ALMIGHTY.\*

O God Almighty ! undertake,  
 And order our unruly wills ;  
 Uncheck'd, they run to countless ills,—  
 To Thee we supplication make.

Grant unto us, that we may love  
 The thing which Thou command'st we should :  
 Left to ourselves, the good we would—  
 We do not,—but to evil move.

May we desire the promised good—  
 Life in Thy Son—that life in Thee :  
 Thus grounded, know stability,  
 Though toss'd upon this shifting flood.

Through Jesus, seek we this our joy—  
 Our peace in life, our hope in death ;  
 “For Jesus' sake !” Thy creature's breath,  
 In prayer and praise, do thou employ.

\* Written on the Collect for the fourth Sunday after Easter,  
 at the request of my friend M. C.

“THE HARVEST IS PAST.”

JEREMIAH viii., 20.

The hour is bright, and the day is long,  
And sowers are forth, a goodly throng ;  
Freely is falling from active hands,  
The living seed on the spreading lands ;  
The silent dew and the singing rain,  
Visit and quicken the sleeping grain ;  
And summer comes :—the sowers behold,  
Fruit to their sowing—an hundred fold.

Sowers are forth, and they “good seed” sow !  
Is thy heart ground where that seed will grow ?  
Shall day and night, and the wealth they bring,  
Cause the fair plant to take root and spring ?  
Shall summer open with good to thee,—  
Or life be given to poverty ?  
Shall sowers see of the scatter’d grain,—  
Or reapers come forth to reap in pain ?

The day is short—though it seemeth long,  
And sowers but to the day belong ;  
Cometh the hour, when the end will be,  
And angels reap for eternity :  
The ripen'd soul shall be gather'd in,  
And the harvest song in heav'n begin.  
Shall thy song be, when the sheaf is wav'd?—  
"Harvest is past, and I am not saved !"

## NOT BY WORKS.

TITUS iii., 5.

I cannot merit heaven,  
     By penance nor by prayer ;  
 I cannot change my nature,—  
     To sins of Adam heir :  
 I cannot buy salvation,  
     Good works are all in vain ;—  
 But I can look to Jesus,  
     The Lamb for sinners slain.

I cannot live His precepts,  
     As child of God I should ;  
 I cannot live the Christ-life,  
     Sin hinders when I would ;  
 I cannot boast of goodness,—  
     I have but what He gave ;  
 But I can look to Jesus—  
     To Jesus born to save.

By looking unto Jesus,  
    I find the way to heaven ;  
By looking unto Jesus,  
    I have the meetness given ;  
By looking unto Jesus,  
    His life becomes mine own ;  
On earth the cross I carry,—  
    In heaven wear the crown.

## GRACE DARLING.\*

The lady sleeps ! yet lives she still,  
 Her one deed speaks her forth !  
 Where tread the feet of Englishmen,  
 Grace Darling has her birth.  
 Her home is wide as rolls the tide,  
 Her kingdom is the earth !

What matters it though years have fled  
 Since first we heard her name ?  
 The heart is young !—Our mother sung  
 The story of her fame ;  
 And we—also our children—  
 Have glory in the same.

\* Grace Darling, the heroine of the Farne Isles, holds a place in the memory of Englishmen and Englishwomen. The noble rescue of the survivors of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, Sept. 7, 1838, won for her immortal fame. The severe shock given to her nerves, and the excitement attending the occasion was too much for her constitution. She sickened and died Oct. 20, 1842. She was interred in Bamborough churchyard.

And why? Ask of thy throbbing heart,  
Thou need'st not ask it twice ;  
Each bosom has its darling-one  
On which it sets a price.  
She brav'd the wave,—dear life to save—  
Her own the sacrifice !

A tomb which contains a recumbent figure of Grace marks her resting place. Another memorial was also erected in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, on the Farne Island. But the best memorial is in the hearts of the people, who love and revere her still. The writer has a piece of the boat used by Mr. Darling and his daughter on that memorable occasion. It was given to him by Mr. George Darling, brother of the heroine, who secured it when he repaired the boat previous to his disposing of it to Colonel Joicey, of Newton Hall, Northumberland. Mr. Darling writes me : "I have one oar by me, which my sister used in going to the wreck."



THERE ARE MOMENTS THAT WE  
TREASURE.

There are moments that we treasure,  
Left us of the old, old years ;  
There are songs of plaintive measure,  
That dwell ever on our ears :  
Sweet though be to-day's surroundings,  
And the spell they o'er us cast,  
Yet the spirit breaks its holdings—  
Lives again the joyous past.

There are friendships life-extending,  
There are loves outliving death ;  
Soul on soul is still attending,  
Holding converse—not of breath ;  
Spirits know no separation,—  
We are one from first to last,—  
Love holds endless celebration,—  
Link'd the present to the past.

Distant lands may claim our dear one,  
Or, perchance, the cold, cold grave ;  
Yet with them we hold communion,  
Hinder'd not by time nor wave,  
Dear the old association,  
Dear will be while life shall last ;  
We obey the sweet persuasion—  
Live again the joyous past.

## GLOSSARY.

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Aneuf, enough	Gowd, gold
Abune, above	Gowden, golden
Ayont, beyond	Gowan, the common field
Bairn, child	daisy
Beild, shelter ; refuge	Greet, to cry
Biggin', building	Gaen, gone
Billie, a brother ; a companion	Harry, to rob
Bauld, bold	Heame, home
Bodes, that which forbodes	Ilk, each
Brag, to boast	Laird, a person of some rank ;
Braw, fine	a landowner
Breckan, the common fern	Lane, lone
Bubbling jock, a turkey cock	Leman, a sweetheart
Carl, a man ; a clown	Maen, moan
Castle dean, a hollow where the ground slopes on both sides	Mair, more
Christendie, christendom	Marrow, match
Chiel, a man ; used sometimes as a term of respect, but more frequently as a term of reproach	May, maiden
Cower, give place ; surrender	Mebbe, perhaps
Come ben, come in	Muckle, great
Don, to dress	Nobbet, nothing but ; only
Dowie, having the feeling of melancholy	Naen, none
Dree, to suffer ; to move slowly ; fear	Rede, warn ; advise
Dumpy wully, a pet lamb	Reek, smoke
Fairin, a present at a fair	Sair, sore
Fause, false	Startie, timorous
Fan', found	Siller, silver
Fip-pence, fivepence	Spier, enquire
Gentillesse, gentlemen	Stee, a ladder
Gar, compel ; to make	Syne, since
Gies, gives	Unco, strange
Geat, way	Wae, woe
Gif, if	Won, come
Gin, if	Wadna, would not
	Wean, a child
	Whinney knowe, a small knoll overgrown with furze or gorse
	Winsome, cheerful ; merry
	Whea, who
	Yestreen, last night

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